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VICK'S MAGAZINE

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The Flower of God

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VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, DANSVILLE, NEW YORK

Vick's Magazine reviewing this great publication says in part:

Ridpath's History of the World may be regarded as a complete library in itself. No other work of its kind has ever supplied a History so well suited to the needs of all classes and conditions of men. It should be made the foundation of every collection of books. No library is complete without it, yet it may be termed a complete library in itself. It is a work of reference, invaluable to every student, and one which no family should be without. Undoubtedly this is the most accurate, complete and entertaining world's history ever issued. We cheerfully commend this most popular and complete of all World's histories to our readers.



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Vick's Magazine

December, 1906

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To Subscribers

THIS PARAGRAPH when marked in blue pencil is notice that the time for which your subscription is paid, ends with this month. It is also an invitation to renew promptly, for while VICK'S MAGAZINE will be sent for a short period after the expiration of paid-up subscriptions it should be understood that all subscriptions are due in advance. Order Blank for renewal enclosed for your convenience.

Please notice that if you wish your magazine discontinued it is your duty to notify us by letter or card. Otherwise, we shall understand that you wish it continued and expect to pay for it. In writing always give your name and address just as they appear on your magazine.

To Our Contributors. All manuscripts, drawings or photographs sent on approval to this magazine should be addressed to the Editor, N. Hudson Moore, 18 Berkeley St., Rochester, N. Y. with stamps enclosed for their return if not found acceptable.

Vick's Magazine for 1907.

We shall take you through from cover to cover, and then ask,

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"OF GENERAL INTEREST."

How do you like the one on "Bamboo" in the Christmas Number?

THE BOYS

will have a Serial Story of their own, "Cattle Ranch to College."—Each month the girls will find a complete story for themselves. These stories are The Best.

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bits of information; what is doing in the world, travel tales; poems which are favorites the world over and new ones which are written just for you; fashions and fads which will amuse you, are some, not all, of the good things which you will find during the coming months. Many of them will be profusely illustrated. This will be particularly the case with the Special Numbers.

The Poultry Number Appearing in January.

February Will Present the Garden Number.

While March Will Deal Largely With Flowers.

Others will be announced in due course. Our special departments will receive the attention of experts.

Among Our Flowers.

Florence Beckwith conducts this department and has correspondents all over the country, who under her direction will furnish you with a large amount of practical and valuable floral matter. For thirty years VICK'S MAGAZINE has been recognized as the leading authority on Floral matters, and this reputation will be maintained and extended. Does your neighbor love flowers too? Let her see the magazine, she may like to subscribe for it.

In the Vegetable Garden.

As heretofore John Elliott Morse, a man who "knows" will tell you the latest garden news, enabling you to save money, and at the same time have always for your table choice supplies.

The Poultry Yard.

How to take the best care of poultry so as to insure the best results, how to feed, house and breed so that you will constantly improve your flock, is an important item to the farmer. Vincent M. Couch will aid you by his experience to make your poultry pay.

Motherland.

No mother, particularly no young mother can afford to do without the valuable and stimulating words which will be found in this department. It is edited by Victoria Wellman, herself a mother of family, who has made a study of the best methods of caring for children.

Fashions, Fads and Fancy Work.

Do you embroider? You will find choice designs here. Do you make your own clothes? There are patterns and many hints of all kinds for your use. If you want any information which you do not find at hand, just write and ask

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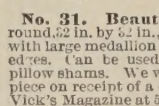
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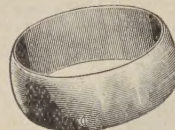
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No. 6. Ladies or Misses Genuine Opal Ring. The opal fits its combination of beautiful sparkling colors is one of the most popular stones. The ring is 14kt pure gold filled and the stone is warranted a genuine opal. We will send this beautiful ring postage paid on receipt of a club of 2 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each. Do not fail to state size wanted.

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This boa is over 4 ft long made up neatly in brown or black Glossy French Coney Fur. It has three bushy tails at each end and fastens at the neck with a neat chain clasp. A most beautiful stylish fur neck piece. We will send this fur boa on receipt of a club of 5 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each. We pay delivery charges.



No. 24. Magnificent French Coney Fur Boa.

Extra long with large brush ends, over 6 ft long, made of the finest quality French Coney Fur, with silk cord fastener and silk cord girdle with two fur balls at the end, a most stylish piece of fur. Choice of black or brown. We will send this beautiful boa on receipt of a club of 10 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each. We pay delivery charge.

If you cannot obtain 10 subscriptions send us 20 cents for each one you cannot get.

No. 25. Child's White Angora Fur Set.

The boa is made up neatly of pretty white Lambs wool with long white silky Angora fur ends. The muff is made of lambs wool and trimmed with long Angora fur, with silk ribbon to go around the neck, also small coin purse in top. This beautiful set will be sent delivery charges, prepaid on receipt of a club of 5 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each.



No. 26. Misses Brown and White Coney Fur Set.

Consisting of Cravat 4 1/2 ft long with white fur insertion let in as shown in picture. The muff is the new pillow shaped and has white fur insertion. This set will be sent delivery charges prepaid on receipt of a club of 15 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each. Or send us ten subscriptions at 50 cents each and \$1.00 and we will send premium all charges paid.



No. 27. Black or Brown Pillow Muff.

Made of Fine French Coney fur full size and lined with satin, has nice silk cord hanger. This muff will be sent delivery charges prepaid on receipt of a club of 9 yearly subscriptions for Vick's Magazine at 50c each.

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VICK'S MAGAZINE, Dansville, N. Y.



VICK'S MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1906

Combined with Home and Flowers, Success With Flowers, The Floral World and The United States Magazine

Vol. XXX. No. 10

VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, DANVILLE, N. Y.

50c a year, 3 Years \$1.00



WRONG SIDE OUT

by Mary E. Wilkins.



LORA has always had a will. If Flora ever gets set on anything, she seems to turn into a sort of human fortress, and all the king's horses can't make an impression on her, yet it was through this very will that Flora came to marry Albert Eddy. I am Flora's aunt, and I know all about it. There isn't any harm in my telling. I have heard Flora tell it herself.

It was quite late in her life before Flora was married, though she was real good looking, and considerably well-to-do. I don't know why the young men didn't care much about her; one reason was, she never seemed to care much about them; perhaps another was, that she acted kind of settled down, and satisfied. Flora's eyes were never wandering around in search of husbands and she used to sit as straight as a gun in meeting and never turned her head. But then she didn't have to to see the minister. He was the one she married. However, she used to look at him just to hear the sermon and she never hung behind after meeting to see him. She just kept right on in her own way. When he came to call on her, she turned the mats and the tidies and the pictures and her apron, just as she did for other callers. She'd sit and talk with him as calm as a clock.

You see this habit that Flora had of turning things to keep them nice made talk in the village, though she wasn't the only woman who did that. I know lots of women, now, who never have their mats right side out unless they have company, but Flora carried it a good deal farther. Why, I've been into Flora's house when there was hardly a single thing that was right side out. She had a new carpet in her parlor and she put that down wrong side out to begin with, because it had a blue color on the right side that she was afraid would fade and all her mats were turned, with the sewed ridges showing, and the pictures all back-to, and the tidies and the table-cloth and Flora's apron. Some said she was the best house-keeper in the village. The dishes in her buttery used to look as if they were fairly grown to the shelves, for she used to keep them wrong side out, or rather bottom side up, the plates all piled on their faces, and the cups and saucers turned over, and the covers of the vegetable dishes, and the sugar bowl and tea-pot set in the wrong way.

When Flora had a particular caller, like the minister, she used to fly round and straighten things. Luckily her house set high, and she could see a long way down the road but anyway she had to work quick. I've been in there and helped her. The way we would whop over those mats, and the table-cloth and the tidies, and the way we'd clap over those pictures, and George Washington would loom up, and Daniel Webster, and Flora's mother's portrait, was a caution. Sometimes I used to think she was dreadful silly about it. I used to tell her that there wasn't any need of her being so careful of things, that she had enough to buy new ones when those gave out.

"I've always done it," she would say, as if that settled it.

"Good land, Flora," I said once, "It's lucky you haven't always stolen, and committed murders, and drank, because I do believe you'd think that was reason enough to go right on. A person with such a will as Flora hardly ever knows it, the not knowing it makes the will last, I guess."

Well, she kept right on living wrong side out, and upside down, to save things, and it seemed to get worse. I remember once I asked her why she didn't walk on her head so as to save her shoes. She was wearing her stockings one side out one day, and the other the next, and that made me think of it.

Finally people began to whisper that the minister, Mr. Albert Eddy, was calling pretty often on Flora and I joked her about it a little. She blushed and didn't act as if she minded, and that very afternoon when we were sitting in the parlor, I saw him coming down the road. "Land, here he is now, Flora," said I. She colored and sort of laughed, and then we both

began to fly around to turn things. Flora whopped over the mats, and I swung around the pictures, and by the time the door-bell rang everything was right side out except Flora's apron. When she came in with the minister, I saw right away that she had it on wrong side out. It was ruffled too, and that made it worse. I rose up when the minister came in. I thought I wouldn't be in the way, but I hated to leave and not tell her about that apron. So I tried to catch her eye and make a motion toward it, while the minister was asking after my health, and my sisters, but I couldn't manage it.

So I went out. But I hadn't more than shut the door, before it opened, and Flora came flying out after me. "Good land," she whispered, "I forgot to turn my apron, and I had to tell him that I had a book I wanted to send to Aunt Susan; take that book of Pansy's on the table in the sitting-room so I shan't lie quite so bad." All the time she was tying on her apron right side out.

"I hope he didn't notice," said she.

"Oh, I guess he didn't; men ain't apt to," said I. But he had noticed it and he thought she had told a falsehood, for he looked out of the window and saw I didn't have the book. I had read it before, and beside I don't like covering up a fib; it has always seemed to me worse than telling one right out.

Well, Mr. Albert Eddy went home pretty soon and he didn't come again.

It turned out that somebody had been telling him how Flora kept her things wrong side out, and I guess that had more to do with his staying away than her telling a fib. He said some things, or folks said he did, that came back to Flora, how ridiculous he thought it was. I begun to think it was all over sure, for when a man begins to make fun of a woman, that is the end of his affection. I was sorry, because I thought a good deal of Flora and I hated to think that she had nothing before her but a solitary old age. But all the time I felt puzzled. I used to sit in meeting and watch Albert Eddy and I saw his eyes turn in spite of himself to Flora looking as handsome as a picture, if she wasn't as young as some, and I thought to myself I should think he was very far from getting over his liking for her.

But there was no doubt whatever that he had given her up; he told me so himself afterward. He had come to think that she was eccentric, and wouldn't make a good helpmeet. And a minister has to think of that more than other men.

It came to the day before Christmas and he hadn't called on her for six months, but that afternoon I was in Flora's house, and I saw him coming down the road. He thought he ought to call, and he had made up his mind to make a short formal call, but it didn't come out the way he had planned.

When I saw him coming I turned to Flora and I said "Flora, I guess Mr. Eddy is coming."

She turned pale, then a beautiful color came into her cheeks. "Well," said she, "let him come."

I jumped up, and begun to turn the mats over as usual, but she just grabbed my arm to stop me instead of going to work herself. "Don't," said she, "I don't want them turned over."

"Why don't you, Flora?" said I.

"Because I don't," said she. "I don't want them turned over."

"Nor the pictures either?" said I.

"No," said she, "nor the tidies nor anything."

All the time she was talking she was pulling off her dress-skirt. Then she got into it again wrong side out and put on her apron again wrong side out.

I stared at her. "My land, Flora," said I, "are you gone crazy?"

"No," said she, "I have not, but if he thinks I'm odd, he shall get the full brunt of it."

Then the door-bell rang, and Flora went to the door, with her head high. When she came in, she did look ridiculous. All the seams of her skirt showed the

overcasting and there was the drab cambric facing.

I saw the minister looking at it with the strangest look I ever saw on a man's face. He looked as if he wanted to burst right out laughing and yet he looked sort of admiring. I didn't know what to think of him or her. There were all the pictures with their boardsides out and the table cloth showing the long stitches, and all the tidies wrong. Flora talked along just as easy as if everything was all right.

It seemed to me that I never saw Flora look so handsome. Her cheeks were blazing, and her eyes like black stars. Presently she says: "Oh, Mr. Eddy, you have never seen my house! I have heard you are interested in old houses and old furniture and this is over a hundred years old and I have some fine old pieces of furniture. Wouldn't you like to see them?"

Of course, he couldn't do any less than say he would. I knew if Flora was going to show him the house, she would want me to stay.

Well, Flora took him into the kitchen and there was everything wrong side out and bottom side up, down to the broom. Flora called attention to that. "I always take pains to set my broom with handle end down," said she, "otherwise it wears out dreadfully."

She took him into the buttery and there were all the upside-down dishes. She had baked some pies that morning and they were upside down in their plates. "If the bottom crust gets the air, they keep longer," said Flora. I stared at her, but I didn't say a word. I began to think that she had been expecting that he might call and getting everything ready, that it was all cut and dried.

She took him all over the house; in the chambers, all the bed-spreads were on wrong side out, and even the looking-glasses hung faces to the wall. "I can't have the sun shining on the glass," says Flora, "it spoils it."

The minister followed after her, and that queer look on his face seemed to deepen and deepen.

We had got around to the spare chamber, and it was a sight; an old-fashioned knotted counterpane on the bed, with all the wrong side of the knots showing, and the carpet wrong side out and the mats and the covers on the bureau and stand and the looking-glass face to the wall and the pictures, too. The curtains had the wrong side to the room, and even the chairs were tipped up and faced to the wall. That whole room looked as if it were backing off out of sight as fast as it could go.

All of a sudden I saw the minister's mouth begin to twitch, then, he burst into one great roar of laughter. He just doubled up with it. I never thought he could laugh so. Flora looked at him, then she couldn't help it and she laughed too. It came to me they might have an understanding. I went off without a word.

I went over again the next morning, for I must say I was a little curious.

"What made you run off so last night?" says Flora, but she looked as if she was glad enough I did. I didn't answer her for a minute. I couldn't think what had come to the house. Then I saw everything was right side out. There was the sun pouring in on everything, and Flora had on her apron right.

"For the land sakes, Flora," said I, "who's coming?"

"Nobody just yet, that I know of," says Flora. She blushed all over her face and neck.

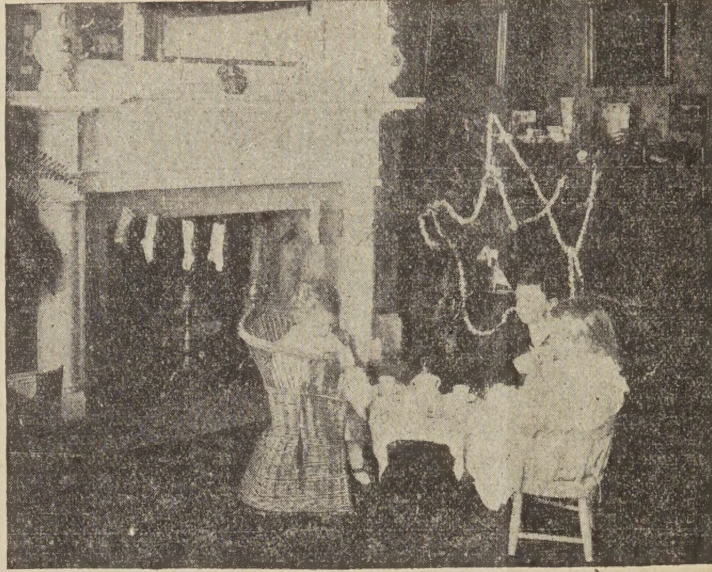
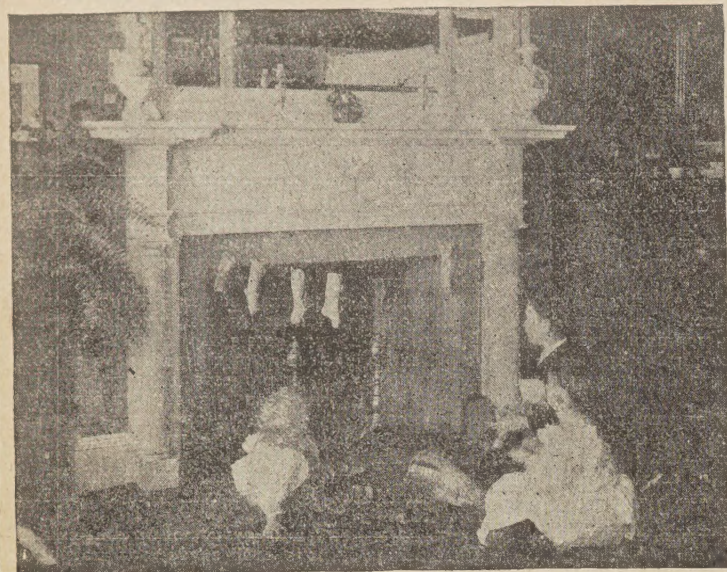
"I don't know but the minister and his mother will come to supper, as long as it's Christmas," says she, "and I'd be happy to have you come over too."

"Then you are going to—?" says I.

"Yes, I suppose so," says Flora.

"But he isn't coming till afternoon," says I.

"I know that," said Flora, "but I'm going to keep things right side out after this. I got up this morning at four o'clock and turned the parlor carpet. I had my way yesterday, but this morning I've given it to him for a Christmas present."



I.



RS. OSBORNE sat by the window mending. The wind blew in fitful gusts and feathery snowflakes filled the air.

Mrs. Osborne was not thinking of that nor of the throngs of people passing, nor of the garment in her hands. She paused to study the faces of the people hastening by.

Now and then there was a vision of rosy cheeks, dancing eyes and a face wreathed in sunny curls. Bells jingled and sleighs flew past, their occupants beaming with happiness. Parcels were visible everywhere, despite the efforts of the purchasers to conceal them. The very air outside tingled with the joy and good will of Christmas time.

Mrs. Osborne was breathing another atmosphere. Her face was pale and anxious. The times were so hard for them! The rent was nearly due and she had learned that there was never an extra penny when rent day came; sometimes they went without meat or butter to eke out the sum.

"I may as well put away all thoughts of Santa Claus for the children. I've hoped and planned, but it's no use," she said to herself.

Voices in the next room attracted her attention. "Baby, you don't know who's coming, next week," Lynn was saying.

Baby straightened up, looked at the the group of expectant faces, gave a sidewise nod and said knowingly, "Santa Claus."

The children fairly shouted. When it was quiet, Marie said: "What'll he bring Freddie?"

"A drum, 'n blocks, 'n cars, 'n oranges, 'n Giant-Jack-Killers," answered Baby. "Don't be too sure, Freddie Osborne. I heard Papa and Mamma talking about rent and mortgages and hard times. Papa hasn't much money; that's why he doesn't buy new shoes for Lynn, and a cloak for Marie, and lots of things for all of us."

"O dear me, Bessie Osborne! What have rent and hard times to do with Santa Claus? He'll come just the same," said Marie.

"Of course he will," affirmed four-year-old Lynn, with the air of an intimate acquaintance of Santa Claus. "He always has come and he always will."

"He always will," echoed Freddie.

"I know there isn't much money," said Marie reflectively, "or Jesse wouldn't have left school. Mamma cried the first morning, and Papa said something about thirsty for learning and it would all come right. That'll be when Santa Claus comes; won't it, Bessie?" And Marie looked wistfully at Bessie.

"Don't you cry, Marie, if Santa Claus doesn't come, nor you, either, Lynn," said Bessie in the mildly authoritative tone which she sometimes used toward the others, who were younger. "Grandpa's gone and that makes Mamma cry; and someway the money is gone, too; we must have bread and potatoes and meat; so don't cry for that'll only make Mamma feel bad."

"I believe—I'd just holler—now, if I thought he wouldn't come," said Lynn, slowly.

"Santa Claus'll bring Baby something," said Freddie, looking archly into the serious faces.

"Isn't he cunning," shouted Marie, catching him up. She danced around the room with such an uncertain step, that Baby's head rolled from side to side, his chubby arms clung to Marie's neck and his head went down upon her shoulder.

The sewing stopped. Mrs. Osborne's head went

The Baby's Stocking

A TALE OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

By Lucy Tracy

down upon the window sill and the tears which had been choking her all day, began to fall. Someone crossed the room, looked down upon her, and then gathered her in his arms.

"Why, Jennie," he said, tenderly, "What's the matter? Sick, or just tired out?"

Then it was all told.

"Keep up courage, dear. It's a week before Christmas. Something may happen, though I confess, I don't see much likelihood of it; but we must hope. I feel these deprivations for you and the children, although, so far as they are concerned, good will come of it. See what an interest Jesse takes in his work. Mr. Lewis told me today that after the holidays there was a place for him behind the counter at increased wages. It is the spirit which he manifests that encourages me."

Mr. Osborne drew his wife to the door and together they watched the children unobserved.

Bessie, seated upon the window-ledge, was reading "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper"; the others crowded around to listen; even Baby stopped teasing the cat to look at the picture of the envious step-sisters. It was such a bright wholesome group, that Mr. Osborne's heart swelled with paternal pride. His arm tightened around his wife as he drew her back to the sitting-room. To him she was the same sweet, brown-eyed girl who had preferred him to other suitors, and the ache in his heart was for her and the little ones, not for himself.

II.

It was the day before Christmas.

"I don't see how I can, dear," Mr. Osborne said to his wife, that morning, in answer to the wistful look in her eyes when she followed him to the door. "The weather makes such inroads on the fuel, and the fuel makes such inroads on the money," he added with an attempt at pleasantry.

"Never mind, Tom," answered his wife, smiling bravely. "We are all well and that should make us happy." Mrs. Osborne went back to her children.

"Bessie," she said, after the dishes were washed "let us gather evergreen from the hedge and decorate the rooms; it will please papa and Jesse."

"The bittersweet bush is full of red berries; we could mix them with the evergreens and it would be almost as pretty as holly," said Bessie.

"To be sure. I didn't think of it," replied Mamma. A pleased smile glowed in Bessie's dark eyes. It was quickly arranged. Bessie wrapped Baby in a shawl while Marie and Lynn were getting into their jackets and caps; then they went with Mamma to the hedge. In a few moments Lynn's cart was full of evergreens and Bessie and Marie had armfuls of bittersweet. It was a merry party that scampered quickly back to the house.

They made arches, mingling the bright red berries

with the dark green, and placed them over the doors and windows and around dear, old grandpa's picture.

The children were delighted with the effect.

"Dear Grandpa was with us last Christmas," said Bessie, looking tenderly at the benevolent face which beamed upon them from the wall.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Osborne sadly, "I've thought of it all day. He was so happy planning something nice for each one, and when I remonstrated with him for his extravagance and said 'another time will do as well,' he replied: 'Perhaps I'll not be with you another time; I want to see you enjoy it, now.'"

The children cleared away the broken pieces and Mamma swept. Bessie and Marie polished the knives and forks and spoons, until they shone. Lynn looked after Baby, and Mamma found that keeping someone else out of mischief kept him out, too.

"We had real holly to decorate with last year, didn't we, Mamma?" asked Marie.

"Do you suppose she remembers it, Mamma?" asked Bessie.

"Of course she does," answered Lynn. "We had turkey 'n plum pudding 'n—"

"'n mince pie," interrupted Marie "'n the turkey was so big Cook couldn't get it into the oven without twisting its neck around," Mrs. Osborne smiled and sighed.

When Mr. Osborne started for home, at night, he thought as he pulled his coat closer around him; "I can't carry home a turkey and all the Christmas fixings; but I can carry home a heart full of Christmas cheer; and I will."

When he reached home, he thrust a laughing face, framed with curls that were frosted with sparkling snow, in at the door and cried: "There's a cricket on the hearth; hear the kettle hum, hum, hum. Why," looking around, "this is Christmas cheer indeed! How nice it looks, and dear old Grandpa's picture looks best of all."

"Doesn't Mamma look nice?" asked Bessie, looking at Mrs. Osborne who had on a dress she seldom wore, now. It was Grandpa's gift a year ago.

"Mamma never looked so pretty as she does tonight," said her husband gallantly.

At this Jesse left his place and going around where his mother sat, wound both arms around her neck and kissed her twice; then seeing his father's look of pleasure; he placed a boyish kiss on his forehead.

"I say Bess we've the dearest, father and mother in the world, haven't we? There isn't a happier family in the city," he added stoutly.

"Dear Grandpa! How he would have enjoyed being with us tonight!" said Mrs. Osborne. "Do you know, Tom, dear, it has seemed to me all day that there's a difference in his picture,—something about the eyes, a brighter smile, as though the lips wanted to tell some happy secret."

"It's the wreath and your imagination," Tom replied kindly.

When supper work was done, they played blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek and other games, until they were all tired; then Baby and Lynn climbed into Papa's lap and the others drew near while he told them the beautiful story of the Christ child, as Grandpa had done the year before. His own eyes were moist when he put them down and they scampered off to bed.

"Baby hang up stocking: Santa Claus put something in it," insisted Freddie, coming back.

"Let him hang it up, just to please him," said Bessie, lifting him up.

"Bessie, too, and Lynn," persisted Baby, and to please him all the stockings were hung in a row. "We can take them down after he goes to sleep," whispered Bessie seeing the troubled look in Mamma's eyes.

They were soon asleep, and though the older ones had bravely resolved not to expect Santa Claus, visions of reindeer with sleighloads of drums, dolls and other toys, and the tinkle of silvery bells floated through their corner of dreamland.

A year before Mr. Osborne had been a successful business man and Grandpa, Mrs. Osborne's father by adoption, was a gentleman of ample fortune who lived with them. His only child was a son whose wife did not like to have Grandpa live in her family. That did not worry Grandpa, for Jennie always made him welcome, and her children were a joy and comfort to him. Only a year ago he said: "It'll be all right when I'm gone, Jennie; those who haven't cared to bother with me, won't be bothered with my money. I want you and Tom to have it. It's all right; you'll see, and Grandpa smiled knowingly, but Jennie replied:

"Don't speak of it, dear Grandpa, we would rather have you."

Three months later he died suddenly, and no will could be found. His son took immediate possession of his property. Then a friend with whom Tom signed a note failed; and all Tom's property was swept away.

He couldn't help it," Tom said, "he never meant to ruin me."

With that big, noble-hearted Tom bravely started anew. He had never been obliged to calculate closely; everything had been lavish. He was surprised to learn how much it cost to warm a house and to buy coats and caps and shoes and dresses, when it was all earned by days' work.

"It is the transition period that is so hard; we shall do nicely when once we have adjusted ourselves and our expenses to our changed circumstances," Tom had said hopefully. Jennie had assented, but they found it more difficult than either had foreseen, and when Jesse secured a position on the delivery wagon of a large mercantile house, Tom gave a reluctant consent, hoping that he could soon see a way for him to return to school.

But times were getting harder for them; and with the strictest economy, Tom saw no way of getting necessary clothing for winter and meeting bills for the simplest table fare, to say nothing of presents for Christmas.

The fire burned low and the wind outside drove the snow furiously against the windows. The storm was rapidly growing worse. The house trembled.

Mr. Osborne brought the kindlings from morning. "It's a wild night," he said, going over where his wife stood looking at the chubby little stocking hanging there all alone.

"Dear Grandpa," sighed Jennie, "what happy secret do you suppose he would tell us, if he could speak?" "Only the message of his life, dear, 'Peace on earth, good will to man.' Is the picture hung securely?" "Yes, the wind shaking the house, jars it so," answered Jennie.

III.

The family were all sleeping soundly. Baby's stocking, shaped by the plump foot and leg of its owner, still hung here alone, a pathetic picture of childish faith.

Through the long night the snowstorm raged. The winds wailed and howled and swooped down the chimney, waving dear old Grandpa's portrait which hung above the mantel. Back and forth it swayed and then rattled against the wall with a jerk. Something white fluttered an instant, and then settled gently down into Baby's stocking.

At daybreak the storm ceased and Christmas morning dawned, bright and clear. Voices from the children's room, awakened Mrs. Osborne. She arose and dressed hastily. Already she felt the difference between this and former Christmases. Mr. Osborne always used to rise early on that morning, to see that the whole house was warm before the others were awake; and the older ones hurried into their clothes while the little ones scampered out in their white night-dresses to overhaul their stockings. Such a time as Mamma would have to get them dressed with their hands full of candy and toys, such running around with "one shoe off and one shoe on."

The breakfast bell always rang two or three times on Christmas; but everyone was good-natured. Now she shivered with cold and there was no cook in the kitchen preparing breakfast from a well-stocked larder. She listened a moment. The fire was roaring on the hearth.

"Merry Christmas, dear," said her husband with a kiss, but there were no joy-bells ringing in his voice. "Merry Christmas, Mamma, Merry Christmas, Papa!" cried the children, rushing into their arms.

"Come in where the fire is," said Papa, leading the way. The last Merry Christmas changed to a sob on Marie's lips; Lynn looked soberly around the room and then followed Marie's example and clung, sobbing to his mother's skirts; Papa poked the fire noisily; there was a lump in Jesse's throat and Bessie leaned over Lynn, trying to quiet him that she might hide her own face.

Baby regarded the others in puzzled surprise and then proceeded to rifle his stocking.

"See what a queer thing Santa Claus brought Baby," he said, waving it at them.

"Let Mamma see, dear," said Mrs. Osborne, bending down.

"Sound mind ** last will and testament ** caught her eye.

"O, Tom! What can it be? Baby, give it to Papa." "There can be no doubt that it is Grandpa's missing will," said Tom as he read: "To my beloved adopted daughter, Jennie Osborne, and to her heirs and assigns forever, I bequeath all my estates, consisting of, etc. and etc."

The children stopped crying and listened with wonder, Mrs. Osborne shed tears of happiness.

"Dear, dear Grandpa," she said, when she could speak, "I knew he meant it to be so."

"Now we can move back to dear, old Hillcrest, and Mamma won't have to work all the time," said Bessie. "And we can have horses and a carriage and Sam to drive for us again and—"

"Can't we have a turkey for breakfast?" broke in Marie, wistfully.

"We can have a turkey but not for breakfast, dear," said Mrs. Osborne, when the others had stopped laughing.

"I'll go out and get some things while you get breakfast," said Mr. Osborne.

"Hello, old fellow!" said a familiar voice, as he was about to enter a store, and turning he saw his old friend, Judge Tingley, whom he supposed to be in Europe.

"Glad to see you," said the Judge, shaking his hand warmly, "I was going to call upon you today. I returned yesterday and only heard of your misfortunes last night. Mr. Wakefield left a will (I drew it up for him before I went abroad,) in which he bequeathed everything to you—"

"We've found it," interrupted Tom and with explanations and congratulations they moved on down the street.

It was surprising how quickly things were pouring into the little kitchen, and when Tom and Jesse returned with their arms full and their pockets bulging with Christmas things, the odor of ham and mashed potatoes and hot coffee, greeted their nostrils.

It took a long time to get through breakfast after Papa had returned thanks. There was so much to talk about and things kept coming all day. There was a muff for Bessie and one just like it for Marie, a rocking-horse and drum for Baby and gifts for all the family.

Marie saw the neck of the turkey twisted to one side, to make it go into the oven.

"I knew it wouldn't go in; its bigger than the one we had last year," cried Marie, clapping her hands gleefully.

A happier family never sat down to a Christmas dinner.

"Only think," said Marie, laying down a drumstick and looking soberly around the table, "we wouldn't have had any turkey if it hadn't been for Baby's stocking."

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

Myth and superstition have been busy with the Christmas season. Some traditions are peculiar to certain countries. Others have been transmitted from one to another until they have become general.

That is an interesting legend which has been connected with the origin of the Christmas tree in Germany. It is said that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves shriveled, the tree changed its nature, and became evergreen, bearing witness in all seasons to the fall of man. Only once a year, on the birthday of the Redeemer, it blooms with lights, and is laden with gifts of love—and so we have the Christmas tree.

A superstitious use of the mistletoe is made in some parts of the United States. Two leaves are placed upon the hearth in front of the blazing fire. Anyone desiring to find out for himself whether or not he is loved, has but to name the leaves for himself and his beloved. When the leaves begin to shrivel under the heat, they move or jump either farther apart or closer together. Then it is the old story of the daisy petals "she loves me, she loves me not."

No mistletoe was formerly used in Christmas decorations of the churches, it is said, because of the Druidical superstitions regarding its peculiar and dangerous powers. One of these superstitions however, has become the heritage of all ages:

"Those who kiss under the mistletoe bough Together will walk to the altar."

The Druids also believed that the sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreens to remain un-nipped by frost until summer.

There is a saying that the maiden who is not kissed under the mistletoe bough at Christmas will not be married within the year. With each kiss taken under the mistletoe a berry is to be plucked and presented to the one kissed.



A Merry Christmas

When all the berries are gone the magic of the mistletoe is supposed to cease. It is said to be unlucky to leave Christmas decorations up after Twelfth Night.

A tradition coming down from the pagan feast of Pomona is carried out in the custom of some rural districts in England. A procession goes through the apple orchards on Christmas Eve, drinking cider and pouring the dregs at the roots of the trees while chanting a song, the refrain of which is:

"Health to thee,
Good apple tree!"

By this act it is expected that a good yield of fruit will be ensured for the next season.

The Roumanians believe that great luck will attend the person who recovers the small wooden cross thrown into the icy waters of the Danube on Christmas day. This throwing of the cross into the river is part of a religious ceremony which annually takes place on the banks of the Danube. The people parade in turbans of colored paper, carrying long white wands. Some are dressed to represent Pontius Pilate, Herod and other characters of Biblical times. An impressive service is held in which nobles and priests have part. Hundreds of people rush and scramble to recover the cross thrown into the river.

The tradition goes among the Poles in Galicia that Jacob's ladder descends from heaven to earth and down the ladder angels are coming to bless the worshippers and carry away their earthly troubles to heaven, while they sit with bowed heads after eating consecrated eggs, at the family Christmas meal.

In France, December 26 is distinguished as the day of "the bread of St. Etienne." This is baked in the form of a gourd and crowned with laurel. A multitude of virtues is attributed to it, such as the preserving of donkeys from colic and dogs from hydrophobia during the year.

BUELL HAMPTON

A Powerful Tale of the Great Southwest with Love, Surprises and a Mystery

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

[This story was commenced in the November number. The following is the synopsis of preceding chapter:

Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton, wife of a cattle baron and Mrs. Lyman Osborn, wife of a banker, whose homes were at Meade, Kansas, were at Lake Geneva, a fashionable resort near Chicago. They had been to England to accompany home Ethel, the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. Horton, who had spent four years in a London school. Being taken ill in Chicago, Mrs. Horton had called Dr. Redfield, who advised this rest at Lake Geneva, where he had been in daily attendance. Ethel and Redfield had been mutually attracted, and he had already been moved to declare his love. This was evidently reciprocated, though Ethel had given no pledge, expressing a desire to talk with her father first. This was all unknown to the mother, though the attraction was in a measure suspected. Mrs. Horton was determined her daughter should marry a foreign title, and had been delighted to find that Lady Avondale of England, and her son, Dr. Lenox Avondale, were stopping at the same hotel. Dr. Avondale had good prospects through the illness and probable early death of his brother, of becoming Lord Avondale, but the estates were impoverished and this trip to this country had really been made for the purpose of finding some American heiress for his wife. Mrs. Horton had made known the fine prospects of her daughter in regard to money, and the mothers without definite agreement, had come to a good understanding.]

CHAPTER IV

THE DEPARTURE

WHEN Mrs. Horton and Mrs. Osborn learned from the messenger boy that Ethel was with Doctor Redfield their agitation became apparent. They agreed that the best thing to be done was to hasten their departure from Lake Geneva. They wisely decided not to mention the affair to Ethel; but they determined to be more careful and observant of her in the future.

Before retiring, they determined to start for the Southwest on the following day.

Lady Avondale was blandly polite, and she assured Mrs. Horton that already she had learned to love Ethel, the dear child, as if she were her own daughter. "Lennox," she said, assuringly, "is taken with her, really he is quite attentive; haven't you noticed it, Mrs. Osborn?"

"I must admit," replied the intriguing Mrs. Osborn, "that he has expressed his admiration for her quite freely, while the dear boy's eyes betray an eloquence of feeling that cannot be doubted."

Had Mrs. Horton tried to give an explanation why she desired such an alliance, she would perhaps have floundered hopelessly in a sea of interrogation-points. Until she met Mrs. Osborn this Anglomania idea had never even been thought of by this otherwise sensible American mother. There are natures that influence us, unconsciously to ourselves, in strange and mysterious ways. We meet a person, and instinctively we are impressed with some peculiarity that he or she possesses. We hardly know just what it is, nor do we even stop to analyze our feelings. This one peculiarity might outweigh, in our minds, a hundred glaring defects—defects which in others would be not only quickly noticed by us, but severely condemned. Hence, in our newly formed fondness, friendship, or whatever it may be, we practically become blind to faults.

Mrs. Horton had formed a strong attachment for this very clever woman. This power was not an unconscious one to Lucy Osborn. She had quickly discovered it, and she meant to profit by it,—not in a mercenary way, no, she would have scorned even the thought of such a thing, but in a social way; through an alliance for Ethel she would in some way build an altar for herself.

She experienced little love or sentiment for either Mrs. Horton or her daughter, but she determined to use them as a means to an end. In most things Mrs. Osborn would have been considered an average woman—no better, no worse. Her desire, her ambition, her mania, however, to enter into English social circles was paramount to all other considerations. It was the gaunt tigress of her nature, famishing with desire, ready with hidden tooth and claw to pounce upon every opposition.

"I can assure you, Lady Avondale," said Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton, and she flushed deep as she spoke, "that a marriage between my daughter and your son, when he shall have succeeded to his family title, will be most agreeable to me."

"So nice of you to say that, I am sure," lisped her Ladyship, while in her heart she was saying, "Why, this silly American woman is extremely amusing." "I trust," continued she aloud, "that your worthy husband will also approve of the contemplated alliance of our families."

Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton shrugged her stately shoulders in an affected manner and looked bored. Mrs. Lyman Osborn came to the rescue.

"I promise you, Lady Avondale," she observed, "that when Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton speaks, she does so for her entire family. Mr. John B. Horton is, perhaps—well, a little stupid, as American men of business so often are, you know. He is perfectly at home with his vast herds of cattle, mavericks, brands, and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to social questions, or to a family alliance like this, my dear friend, Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton, is in full authority."

"Ah, just so," replied Lady Avondale, as she adjusted her eye-glass and nodded her head wisely, "I understand."

In the meantime Ethel had retired to her room; but not to sleep. She had a good cry all to herself, after which she bathed her flushed face, and, after the manner of women, felt much relieved. She sat down and gave herself up to thoughtful reverie. She remained thus far into the night; but finally, arousing herself, she said aloud, "Yes, he is a brain-worker, and oh! how I love brain-workers! Bah, I hate idlers!"

In the morning she awoke from the refreshing sleep of youth. She had scarcely finished her toilet when there came a knock at her door. It proved to be the colored bell-boy who had interrupted them on the evening before.

"Please, miss," said he, with great obeisance, as she opened the door, "the gemman said I was to give you this letter in pusson."

"Thank you," said Ethel as she took the missive. Hastily tearing away the envelope she read:

"MY DARLING ETHEL:—It is now after midnight. I have walked along the path and stood under the old elm in the mad belief that I might see you again, although I must have known that it was impossible. I am sustained by the abiding hope of seeing you after you have spoken to your father. I trust it will not be long. I believe in you. The honesty of the soul that shines out through your eyes cannot be doubted. I am thrilled with deepest reverence when I think of you,—a reverence such as one might feel when standing before a snow-white sacred shrine of peace, purity, and innocence. Know that my love is immortal—it cannot die."

"Affectionately,
"JACK."

It was no shame to the noble heart of Ethel Horton that she kissed Jack's hurriedly written note over and over, and bathed it with her tears. On the impulse of the moment she rang for pen and paper, and wrote:

"DEAR JACK:—Your note has made me very happy. We leave today for the Southwest. I have thought it all over, and I know that I like you awfully well. I am conscious of a strange sensation that may be—well, I don't know what it is. Do not give up hope, but share my faith in daddy."

"Yours,
"ETHEL."

Before leaving Lake Geneva, it was understood between Mrs. Horton and Lady Avondale that her son was to visit them at their ranch in southwestern Kansas. He intended spending about two months, later in the fall, hunting in the mountains of Colorado. Dr. Lenox Avondale looked upon an alliance with the American heiress as necessary for the preservation of the estates in England, and he accepted his mother's arrangements as a matter of course. The flirtation which he had secretly begun with Mrs. Osborn promised a recreation within itself when he should visit the Hortons.

As for Dr. Jack Redfield, he was impatient to see Ethel once more, and in the hope that she had not yet gone from Lake Geneva he boarded a train, and at noon was at the lake, only to find that the Hortons and Mrs. Osborn had taken their departure an hour before. He had not yet received Ethel's letter. He returned to the city, determined to bury himself in the multiplicity of his professional duties and study until his summons should come from Ethel Horton.

That evening on returning to his apartments on Dearborn Avenue he found among his letters the note from Ethel. His other mail he left unopened, while he read and re-read this message of hope. It was so sacred to him—it meant so much. This great, strong fellow who, heretofore, had been proof against love's tender passion, had awakened to find himself thoroughly ensnared in its silken meshes. No, he did not wish to be free. As he walked to and fro in his room, he idealized Ethel with an ardent chivalry that might have become a knight of old.

The door-bell rang and Hugh Stanton was announced. "Admit him," said Jack. "I wonder what he wants. No, I will not tell him of my happiness."

A moment later Hugh Stanton was ushered into Jack Redfield's presence. They greeted as the warmest of friends. Between these two it was always "Jack" on the one side and "Hugh" on the other. They had been classmates at Princeton. After graduation Hugh had turned his attention to commercial pursuits, and had gradually worked his way up to the cashier-ship of one of Chicago's most conservative banking institutions.

Hugh Stanton presented a striking contrast to his friend, Doctor Redfield. He was slightly below medium height, and rather stout. He had a hand-

some, good-natured face, black eyes, fair skin, and a silky, dark mustache. His thick, dark hair was inclined to be wavy, while his rather small hands and feet suggested a patrician ancestry.

After their greeting Jack produced a box of Havanas, and settling themselves in comfortable chairs, he observed, "Well, old boy, what's the news?"

"I am about to leave Chicago," replied Hugh, with an interrogative smile as much as to say, "What do you think of that?"

"Leave Chicago!" exclaimed Jack, in amazement. "Why, man, you have one of the best positions in the city."

"Yes, but you know that my father's estate, which has been tied up so long in the courts, is at last settled; and I find myself with fifty thousand dollars in ready money at my command. That amount does not mean much in a city like this, but on the frontier, where rates of interest are high, I can soon double it several times; and then, too, I am tired of city life. One is too much of an atom in a great throbbing center like Chicago."

"Well, you astonish me," said Jack, "you almost take my breath away. I thought you were permanently settled and thoroughly in love with your surroundings."

"Well, you know there is an old saying," said Hugh smiling, "that it is better to be a big fish in a small pond than a small fish in an ocean. I have been in correspondence with the captain of my father's old company, who is now on the frontier, and am offered the cashiership and an opportunity to purchase half the stock in the national bank of which he is the president."

"It is rather strange that your father's estate was so long in being settled," said Jack, reflectively.

"Yes," said Hugh, "more than twenty years from the time of his supposed death. He fought in the battle of Bethel Church and was numbered among the missing, but we were unable to establish the fact of his death. My mother died when I was a mere child, and then I lived with an uncle who has had charge of my affairs; but at last everything is settled, and the money is now to my credit in the bank."

"And so you are going to the frontier. I fear you will soon grow tired of it," said Jack, "the contrast will be so great. What sort of a man is he with whom you are going to associate yourself?"

"I cannot say," replied Hugh, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I have never met him. He was captain of the company in which my father was first lieutenant, and I have had considerable correspondence with him in trying to obtain information in regard to my father's death. This correspondence has, strangely enough, led to the present contemplated business arrangement."

"Well, we must see much of each other between now and the time you start."

"My dear Jack," replied Hugh, "I have already resigned my position and I shall leave tomorrow for my new home. I have called tonight to have an old-time chat, and to say farewell."

Jack looked at his friend incredulously, and said, half indignantly, "Well, why haven't you called before?"

"I have called nearly every evening for the past two weeks," replied Hugh, "but you were never at home."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, looking up at the tiers of books on the shelves, and plucking his mustache, reflectively. "Yes, that's so, I have been away—professional calls, you know."

Soon Hugh Stanton took leave of his friend and the following day found him en route for Meade, Kansas.

After crossing the "Big Muddy" at Kansas City, Hugh began to realize, for the first time, that he was entering the "Great Plains"—that he was, indeed, in the West. He gazed meditatively from the car windows and beheld, in rapturous anticipation, the vast, rolling, monotonous prairies. He was coming to a land of promise, a land of hopes and of disappointments, a land of vast herds and of withering winds, a land of struggling farmers and of princely cattle barons, a land of wild flowers and of sunshine. Here, Hugh Stanton was soon to become an actor on the realistic stage of the Southwest. He was to become, first, an actor in melodrama, then tragedy, and finally he was to play a part in a mighty orchestral avalanche of mystery.

CHAPTER V

A FRONTIER BANKER

Meade, Kansas, was at that time almost a typical western frontier town, situated some forty miles southwest of Dodge City—the nearest railroad station—and on the western bank of a small stream known as Crooked Creek. It had then a population of three or four thousand people, and was an important com-

mercial center for ranchmen and cattlemen. When Hugh Stanton arrived on the old four-horse stage-coach from Dodge City, late one afternoon, he found himself covered with dust and almost exhausted from the tiresome ride. The leading hotel was the Osborn House, where he found convenient and pleasant quarters. The hotel property belonged to Captain Lyman Osborn, who also owned several brick business blocks at Meade.

That evening he met Captain Osborn, who gave him a hearty welcome to Meade and expressed sincere pleasure at his decision to join him in the banking business.

On the following day, after carefully looking over the books of the Meade National Bank, Hugh made arrangements to purchase one-half of the capital stock of the institution and was duly elected and installed cashier.

Those were halcyon days in southwestern Kansas. Hugh, to his amazement, found that deposits in the bank amounted to over half a million dollars and that a semi-annual dividend of fifteen per cent was regularly declared.

Captain Osborn was a man of perhaps sixty years, military in bearing and possessing a flowing iron gray mustache and an imperial mien that gave him a distinguished appearance.

"Sir, you remind me very much of your father, Lieutenant Stanton," observed the captain one day after Hugh had become his partner in the banking business. "There was not a braver man in the company. We were bosom friends for many years before the war with the South, and we enlisted at the same time. I feel very proud, Stanton, my boy, that we have become associated in business. I know that I can trust you implicitly, and I have need of some friend to lean upon."

The rich, deep voice of the old captain quivered a little as he spoke, and a shadow of melancholy flitted across his face.

"You will not be disappointed with the profits," he continued,—"they are certainly enormous compared with returns on money in the middle or eastern States."

"I am quite sure," replied Hugh, "that I shall like the change to the frontier, although it differs vastly from the busy metropolis that I have just left."

"Doubtless," said the captain, "the contrast is very marked. There are many reasons why I like southwestern Kansas. The climate is superb; then there are so many old soldiers here, and you know between the veterans there is a sort of unspoken friendship. Scattered throughout our valleys and across our prairies you will find the boys who wore the blue and those who wore the grey dwelling on adjoining farms, and the best of neighbors. There are many old soldiers of the late war living among us; one of the most prominent of whom is Major Buell Hampton, editor of the *Patriot*. While he and I differ materially in politics, yet, withal, he is a most cultured and entertaining gentleman. I have understood in a vague way that he won his title fighting for the Southern cause. Then, there's Mr. John Horton,—perhaps the most extensive cattle owner in the Southwest. His herds cover not only his own vast range, but also the plains of No-Man's Land and northern Texas. Before the recent rush of settlers into this part of Kansas it was a great range for his cattle."

"Has the settlement of the country inconvenienced the cattlemen?" inquired Hugh.

"Considerably," replied the captain. "You see the cattlemen have a theory that this is not a farming country. The settlers know better. Now last year and the year before there were no finer crops anywhere in the world than were grown on the farms in this part of the State. The old earth was recklessly improvident in her generosity; every farm was an overflowing granary of plenty. However, we have no quarrel with John Horton. He is one of our largest depositors, and a very manly fellow. His millions have not turned his head, although I cannot say as much for all members of his family. Ah, here comes a young scapegrace that I want you to know."

As the captain spoke a little boy came bounding toward him through the open door of his private office, and nestled on his knee. The captain caressed him tenderly. The boy slipped one arm coaxingly about his father's neck, and received the introduction to Hugh very bashfully.

"This is my boy Harry," said the captain.

The little fellow was perhaps not more than five years old, but his face beamed with an older intelligence.

"We are great companions," said the captain, "and he takes more liberties with me than he has any right to—that's what you do, you little rascal," said he, addressing the boy and giving him an affectionate hug.

"Won't you come to me, Harry?" said Hugh, in a coaxing voice.

"No, sir, 'cause we're not 'kainted yet—when we is 'kainted I will."

"This gentleman is my friend, Harry," said the father, "and therefore he is your friend, too."

"All 'ite, then," said the boy, "I's your fwend, too," and he held out his hand, which Hugh clasped as a bond of good-fellowship between them.

Hugh Stanton very early discovered that Captain Osborn's life was centered in his young son. That evening, by invitation of the captain, Hugh dined at the Osborn home. He was very much surprised at the youthful appearance of the captain's lovely wife. She made no efforts to conceal her feelings of superiority and indifference toward the captain, but she was very gracious toward Hugh, and chatted away incessantly about her travels and her English friends. It seemed that the iron will of the captain, which he was noted for exercising in the business world, was changed to all forbearance and courtly respect toward his wife; although one could readily discover a sad lack of sympathy between them. Indeed, there was but little in common between Captain Osborn and his wife. During dinner the captain made some remark relative to the superiority of American institutions, when his wife quickly interposed:

"Captain, you know nothing about it. You will do far better to discuss matters of business, bank stocks, and that sort of thing. They seem to suit your

"Well, you will not see much society in southwestern Kansas," observed Mrs. Osborn.

"My dear, you must introduce him to the Hortons," ventured the captain.

"With pleasure," replied his wife. "Mrs. J. Bruce-Horton and I are very close friends. We but recently returned from England, where her daughter, Ethel, was graduated last June. We have many friends across the water."

The old captain looked deep into his cup of tea, while an ironical smile played across his face. "Our English cousins," he remarked, "are very partial to American dollars."

"Oh, Captain," exclaimed his wife, while her smiles disappeared and a look of displeasure replaced them, "I have before observed on numerous occasions that you know nothing of England, her customs or her people, and light remarks about my English friends are not relished, I assure you."

The captain laughed good-naturedly, as he winked at Hugh, and said, "I beg your pardon, Lucy, my dear, I was only quoting a view I saw expressed recently in the *Financial Gazetteer*."

"Yes, in the *Financial Gazetteer*," repeated his wife, contemptuously, you are competent to judge things only from a strictly commercial standpoint, and it would be much better for you not to speak than to make such stupid remarks."

She again relaxed and turned toward Hugh with a charming graciousness. "Yes, I shall be pleased, Mr. Stanton, to introduce you to the Hortons. Miss Ethel is a delightful young lady; but mind," said she, coquettishly shaking her finger at him, "you must not lose your heart, as she is already spoken for."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Hugh, "how unfortunate for me!"

"What," said the captain, "is Miss Ethel to be married?"

"Now, Captain," and the tiger's claw protruded just a little as she spoke, "you must not ask direct questions. At present it is quite a secret; but as a friend I was only warning Mr. Stanton, and 'forewarned is forearmed,' you know."

"Very well," said Hugh, "I know I shall be delighted to meet them, as they are such friends of yours."

"Oh, thank you," replied Mrs. Osborn, bowing at the compliment.

"Friends of ours, too," remarked the captain. "Think of John Horton's fat bank account."

"Oh, Captain," cried his wife, with an exasperated expression of countenance, "won't you—can't you divorce, for one short evening, the coarseness of business from the refinements of social intercourse? It seems impossible for the captain to rise above his bank counter," said she, apologetically, to Hugh.

"Not a bad level to maintain," replied the husband, "and a good many people would feel quite content if they were on a level with the Meade National Bank counter."

"I do not say anything against your business, Captain, but please do not try to step outside the beaten path with which you are familiar. It is unbecoming in you, and makes you appear quite ridiculous, I assure you." The captain winced, in silence.

Shortly after they had arisen from the table, Mrs. Osborn went driving, and the captain and Hugh sat on the broad veranda and smoked their cigars, while the veteran told reminiscences of the war. The infinite tenderness with which the captain held his boy was touching to Hugh. The little fellow nestled contentedly on his father's knee, where he soon fell asleep. When the captain finally arose to carry him within, the child murmured in his dreams, "Papa an' I is lovers—is lovers."

"Did you hear that?" exclaimed the old captain to Hugh, and a tear fell from the bronzed face of the father, and rested like a benediction on the soft cheek of the sleeping boy.

CONTINUED IN JANUARY

The Christmas Rose

By Edith Willis Lynn

The hills are white in robes of snow
But lo! upon the winter's breast
Amid the gleam of frost and ice
The Christmas rose uplifts its crest.
It seems the soul of summer flowers
Grown brave to cheer the winter hours.

Thus long ago in chilling trance
Of sin and ignorance the land
Lay silent; when one star-lit night
The Heavens opened and a band
Of angels sang to hail the birth
Of one who brought new light to earth.

Jesus, whose life was white with truth
Who taught men's angelhood to rise;
Whose soul was like this Christmas flower
That opens under sullen skies;
Jesus, whose gospel was of peace;
Who bade men's hate and warfare cease.

And have they ceased? Alas, for man!
Who wars against his best ideal;
Who knows the right, yet does the wrong,
Whose faith is never wholly real.
The world still reeks with blood and tears
With Jesus dead two thousand years.

White spirit of the Christ arisen
Descend to earth this Christmas day;
Touch Thou the hearts that dormant wait,
With life that shall not know decay:
Until above earth's sin and gloom
Rises the spirit's perfect bloom.

particular style of intellect; but of society and what constitutes the best taste, why, really, you are not an authority."

The captain reddened a little, and replied, quietly, "Very well, Lucy, I freely acknowledge your superior judgment in such matters—perhaps I ought not to have spoken; but I know one thing," said he, chuckling little Harry under the chin, "this boy and I are in love with each other, is n't that so, Harry?"

"Yes, we's made a barg'in, mamma," cried the little fellow, "papa and I is lovers, and when I dets big I's doin' to be his par'ner."

"Indeed!" said his mother, as she elevated her eyebrows. "You and your papa have delightful times together. Well, I am glad of the attachment," said she, turning toward Hugh with a wearied expression, as much as to say, "Let them go their way, and I will go mine."

"I hope to see much of you, Mr. Stanton," she said, with her most bewitching smile. "Are you fond of society?"

Hugh confessed that he knew but little of the social world, having led a rather busy and secluded life.

Dogs That Don't Bark

Wild dogs never bark, and so always bite.

A gray horse lives the longest, a black one the shortest. A blue eyed cat is always deaf; but all deaf cats are not blue eyed.

An Asiatic squirrel climbs a tree like a telegraph pole climber. It has large horny scales on its tail for the purpose.

The flying fox or tropical bat will pass the night drinking from the vessels in which cocoa is distilled, and go home intoxicated in the early morning, or sleep it off at the foot of the trees.

The big snow shoe rabbit or northern hare is something of a dresser. It wears a white coat in winter and a gray one in summer, the better to conceal itself from its enemies by looking as the ground looks in the two seasons.

To be "blind as a bat" is not to be very blind, after all. It can have its eyes removed and "see" to fly as well as before. It can dodge around a corner and avoid all obstacles in its flight. It guides itself by some sixth sense that warns it of obstructions.

One of Nature's

Greatest Gifts

The Uses of the Bamboo

By Frank H. Sweet

THE question of nature's most useful gift to mankind has been variously answered, some claiming the banana, some the cocoanut-palm, some the wheat field, some one thing and some another. What supplies a direct and immediate need to one portion of the world, may be unknown elsewhere, and what is an absolute necessity to an uncivilized race may be a matter of indifference to a civilized one. The banana furnishes sustenance to millions of people who could hardly exist without its almost spontaneous growth. Wheat, in one form or another, penetrates to the uttermost part of the world; and the value of rice to mankind is beyond computation.

But perhaps among them all there is no one thing which contributes in so many ways to the necessities and comfort of mankind as the bamboo. In this gift, nature seems to have omitted no element that in any way could add to its usefulness. It surpasses all of her woods in straightness and length, and in elasticity, strength, hollowness, smoothness, lightness, and roundness, as also the ease with which it can be split, and the regularity of its cleavage.

It imparts no smell or taint to water, which allows it to be used in constructing drinking vessels of all descriptions and for conduits. As a result of free silicic acid existing in the cane, it is hardened and given a capability of resisting many of the destroying influences to which other woods are prone. Moreover, its quick growth, its abundance, and the ease with which sizes can be matched, are important factors in its usefulness.

The bamboos, for there are many varieties, constitute a genus of aborescent grasses, which are to be found in nearly every tropical country. They vary in size from slender reeds to tree-like growths, often reaching a height of seventy feet or upwards, with a stem over fifteen inches thick. The stem of the largest variety, known as the bambusa arundinacea, is surmounted by light, feathery leaves, which give a most beautiful effect to the groves wherein it is cultivated. It grows very rapidly, sometimes at the rate of a couple of feet a day.

Bamboos furnish all the materials necessary in the construction of a house, and not only this, but also the furniture required, and the requisite pipes and cistern for supplying it with water. The strength of the light scaffolding the Japanese erect with these canes is astonishing, for it seems capable of bearing any weight that can be put upon it. In roofing the houses, a selection is made of the largest and straightest stems, which are then cut to the length necessary to reach from the ridge to the eaves. After this they are cleft evenly in halves. The first layers are fastened in position close together, with the hollow side uppermost, then the next layer is made by reversing the process, placing the bamboos hollow side downwards in such a manner that the split edges fall into the two contiguous concavities. In this way the roof is made water-tight, and the rain drains off in the gutters formed by the under layer of bamboos.

In the way of clothing, umbrella hats, which are probably, for a hot or wet climate, the best form of head covering now used in any part of the world, sandals, clogs, and a peculiar form of cloak worn by the peasantry as a protection against rain, are gifts for which the people are indebted to the bamboo. Matting, furniture, screens, blinds, baskets, washing-basins, baths, buckets, ladders, brooms, stools, trays, cooking utensils and other domestic articles are all easily made from some part or another of these extraordinary grasses. So are pipes, tobacco jars, walking sticks, fans, umbrellas, combs, spoons, flutes, and other musical instruments. Then there are articles of a purely ornamental character, as flower-vases beautifully carved, picture frames, grotesque images, ingeniously opening and closing boxes, frames, trays, plaques, and so on, through a list too formidable to enumerate.

Bamboo harnesses and panniers for horses and oxen are also frequently seen. Piping for drains or conduits, made from the largest sized stems, is in universal use in the small towns and villages. The most powerful bows and penetrating arrows that can now be seen are constructed from bamboos, and the Japanese are very skilful in their use.

For road making, fencing, river damming, the bamboos yield the necessary material. Safe, simple, and easily constructed dams and river banks are made by a number of broad baskets, holster-shaped, constructed with bamboos. These baskets are filled with stones, and placed side by side at the place where they are required.

Bamboo bridges are often seen; and sometimes even a single bamboo, four or five inches in diameter, forms the pathway, and another cane of a more slender variety is slung above it at a height that allows it to be used as a hand-rail. Country people readily avail themselves of these simple bridges, even when they are thrown over a raging torrent, and apparently, have no more apprehension of danger when crossing over them than they would have in a ferry-boat over a placid stream. These bamboo bridges furnish a practical illustration of the extraordinary strength these canes possess, for it is said that no other wood of the same thickness could possibly stand the strain which is sometimes placed upon them.

A silicious fluid concretion which is found in the hollow joints of the bamboo, and known as tabasheer, is highly valued for its febrifugal qualities. It is also the least refractive of all known solids. Tabasheer somewhat resembles that peculiar variety of opal which only becomes translucent on immersion in water, and is known as hydrophane.

The bamboo supplies, in its young and succulent shoots, a vegetable which is universally used in tropical countries; and which is frequently to be seen on the menus of hotels, and the dinner-tables of the foreign residents. It is often compared to asparagus.

Like that vegetable it is frequently covered with earth to keep it fit for consumption for a longer period, though the shoots may be eaten during the whole year. The best season to gather them is in the autumn. Not only as a vegetable are they used, but the tenderest shoots are salted and eaten with rice, or candied and preserved in sugar.

Even the grains of the bamboo are eaten, and the Chinese have a proverb that in those years when the rice crop is scanty, the bamboo is unusually prolific, which probably means that when one kind of food is scarce, the natives look for another.

For the Hindus it is even a greater delicacy than for the Chinese. They prepare it with honey, equal parts of each, and this is put in a section of bamboo joint, the ends and stick covered with clay, and then roasted over a slow fire.

When it was desired to send the precious eggs of the silk-worm from China to Constantinople in the reign of the emperor Justinian, the slender hollow joints of bamboo were used to transport them, and they stood the long voyage successfully.

In the manufacture of paper, bamboos are also valuable, and the tough, fibrous article made in Japan is used in a variety of ways and for numerous purposes which are not elsewhere seen or even considered possible. The reed-like stems of the smaller varieties are used for pens, and by macerating the ends can be made into brushes, such as are used in writing Chinese characters.

One of the quaintest uses to which bamboo is put in Japan, is in the weaving of those fanciful little cages in which the "singing insects" as they call them, are confined. These are tiny creatures, something like crickets, which are sought for their little chirping song and hung among the plants in the gardens by the Japanese. There is a great and lucrative trade in these small creatures, and it is almost a monopoly in certain families, the fathers teaching the sons how to care for and catch the tiny things, and also how to raise them.

Training Parrots

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN

By E. I. Farrington



HERE are few easier ways by which a woman can add to her income than by training parrots to talk. Not every woman is adapted to this work, but, given a natural fondness for birds, a clear and musical voice and an inexhaustible supply of patience, together with a few dollars in the way of capital, then teaching parrots becomes a delightful and profitable task.

Much, however, depends upon the parrot. The bird must be young, in good condition and preferably of the African Gray, Mexican Double-head or Panama variety, as being especially apt pupils and possessed of linguistic powers to a marked degree.

Parrots attain their full growth in a few months. An African Gray specimen, fully developed, but only a few months old, may be purchased for fifteen dollars. He will sell for fifty dollars or more than that, six months later, if he has been well trained and has a large and well-chosen vocabulary.

Something of the newly-acquired value of the Parrot depends upon the wit and cleverness of the teacher. A parrot which loudly asserts that "Polly wants a cracker," which commands every one to "Shut the door" or which continually in-

quires, "Does your mother know you are out?" won't command so high a price as the one which possesses a choice repertoire of clever sayings, bits from the poets and amusing observations on current topics. Particularly well-trained parrots sometimes sell for as high as one hundred and fifty dollars.

Where is the market? Well, that is the simplest part of the whole business. The same dealer who sells you the parrot in the first place is glad to buy it back at the increased price when trained. He again sells the bird and at a price which is a decided increase over what he pays you, which fact goes to show that if you can find an outside buyer yourself, you can make your own price—and profit—larger.

The parrot which commands the highest price in the market is the African Gray. It is not uncommon for a young bird which a trainer bought for twenty dollars to be sold a few months later for one hundred dollars. This variety formerly was imported from Africa in large numbers, but now the season's supply of birds is limited and soon exhausted. A reliable dealer may be depended upon to sell you a bird only a few months old, and young birds are necessary if success is to be achieved in this work. Mature parrots make very poor pupils.

It is a mistake to buy a parrot of any breed from a street peddler or at a bargain sale. If you do so, you will get a "trapped" bird, which is another way of saying an old one, or else a "bronco," which is the sobriquet by which the male birds are known to the bird dealers. In either case you will have acquired possession of a parrot which will never learn to use the King's English. As a matter of fact, you seldom will find peddlers displaying African Grays; they are more likely to have a supply of Mexican Double Yellowheads and Cuban parrots, but this advice holds good irrespective of variety.

Although the African Grays bring the largest price, it does not always follow that

they are the most profitable variety for the trainer, because they are slower to learn, as a rule, than some of the other breeds, notably the Mexican Double Yellowhead and the Panama parrot. The former is a green parrot, with a broad expanse of bright yellow covering its head. The Panama parrot is entirely green. The two birds just named cost about fifteen dollars each and will sell for from forty to eighty dollars when fairly well trained—say at the end of two months.

Three years can be given with advantage to a parrot's education and a year's



Giving Polly a Lesson

time is necessary for a parrot of any breed to acquire anything like a liberal education, but two or three months of training will accomplish as much in the case of a Mexican Yellowhead or a Panama as six months in the case of the African Gray, and will make bright, quick birds salable at one hundred and fifty per cent or more profit, so that while the Mexican Yellowhead and the Panama birds do not bring as large prices individually as their more valued cousin from the dark continent, they enable the trainer to make as much money by turning her capital more quickly.

In any case, there is always the chance that a particularly apt pupil may be secured which will respond to especially careful instruction and eventually sell for one hundred dollars or more. It really is not uncommon for particularly accomplished parrots to be sold for as high as three hundred dollars.

If a trainer is willing to give several hours a day to the work, she can be training as many as three parrots at the same time. When this is done, the birds should be kept in separate rooms, for it never would do to take a dealer three birds possessing identically the same vocabulary. An entirely different set of words and phrases should be used for each pupil.

At least an hour a day must be devoted to each parrot in training; two hours a day is better. With most varieties late in the afternoon is considered the best time of day for working with the birds, but the African Gray seems to respond better when it receives its instruction in the early morning. In training a parrot, the teacher must come to her task armed with an inexhaustible stock of patience. She should stand in an easy position in front of the cage, or, if she is a semi-invalid, or afflicted with that bane of woman-kind in general, a weak back, she may sit in a chair, with the parrot in its cage on a table close by.

For their own part, parrots seem to prefer the partial liberty which they feel is theirs when allowed to perch on a parrot stand, being confined by a chain attached to one of their legs, but expert trainers appear to agree that they respond to the efforts of the teacher much more quickly when confined in a cage.

If it is desired to keep the parrot on a stand, it is a simple matter to drop over the bird one of the cages designed to be used with the stand, when the lesson hour arrives. If the trainer expects the feathered pupils to sit up quietly and pay attention, she will be disappointed, for the parrot will travel all over the cage and display its bad manners by guttural interruptions. The teaching must be persisted in, however, patiently, a continual iteration and reiteration. Days and weeks may go by before the parrot "finds its tongue," as they say of children. Then, suddenly, it discovers its powers of articulation and talks incessantly.

One secret of successful training is to persist in the use of a single word or phrase until the parrot has it thoroughly committed to memory. It is said that a child's voice is best adapted to the training of parrots in the art of speech, so that the trainer will be led to cultivate a voice which is pitched rather high. She should enunciate very distinctly, making a slight pause between each word, and yet allow her speech to flow easily. If the parrot manifests a natural disposition to scream or utter uncouth noises, tap lightly on the cage with a pencil, or blow in the bird's face.

Some trainers make it a practice to throw a cloth over the cage while the first few lessons are being given. This serves to distract the attention of the bird from other things and focuses it on the efforts of the teacher. There are other trainers, who have unusual success by using a speaking tube while talking to their pupils. The tube is arranged between two rooms, in one of which the parrot is placed in its cage, while the trainer remains in the other.

It is fair to state that the woman who undertakes parrot training is always in some danger of sustaining a set-back by losing a bird, for parrots, like other pets, have their diseases and sometimes die. It is very often the case, however, that such a misfortune results from the fact that the victim has not been given proper care. Parrots have a taste for a wide variety of food and many people make the mistake of giving them whatever they seem to desire. The result often is disastrous. Plain food, an abundance of grit and plenty of sunlight will go far towards keeping a parrot in the pink of condition. The grit is absolutely necessary, for parrots have no teeth, but grind their food in a gizzard, just as a hen does. A

(Continued on page 40)



An Accomplished Pupil

The Story of the Christmas Rose

Sometimes Called the Flower of God

By Florence Beckwith

"How beautiful art thou, my winter flower!
Lifting with graceful pride thy stately head."

THE BOTANICAL name of the Christmas Rose, *Helleborus niger*, seems rather contradictory, for the blackness indicated by the specific name seems a sad misnomer to any one who contemplates the pure whiteness of the flower, but it is supposed to refer to the blackish roots, or, possibly, to the poisonous properties contained in them.

Calling it a rose is a farther anomaly, for it does not even belong to the rose family, but it is related to the buttercups. The appellation may be derived from the flower being thought to resemble a rose, or the first one who used the name may have desired to associate the blossom with the one best known or best loved among those with which he was acquainted. Certainly whoever thought of calling it the Christmas Rose must have loved the flower itself, for he contrived to join two words which have the happiest associations.

There is something peculiarly charming in a flower which has grace and delicacy, and yet can endure our most intense frost and the keenest blasts of a north wind. It is truly the latest and earliest flower of the year, expanding, as Shakespeare expresses it, when "The rain and wind beat dark December."

It does seem a little uncanny to go out when the ground is covered with snow, perhaps several inches deep, and brushing the feathery pall aside uncover beautiful and seemingly delicate flowers, stiff and brittle, it may be, and glittering with frost crystals, but smiling, withal, as if winter had no terrors for them. So it is not strange that many legends and traditions have been handed down in reference to "the rose that blooms in the snow."

In one legend we are told that it first bloomed in Eden and was there called "the Rose of Affection." When Adam and Eve were banished from Paradise and grieved at leaving all their beautiful flowers, through the intercession of pitying angels they were allowed to take this one flower, which they regarded as "the Rose of Love," a token of divine grace and forbearance.

In ancient calendars nearly every day in the year was dedicated to some saint who had his or her own legend and emblem. Flowers have from the earliest times been connected with the great festivals of the church, or with the saints of the calendar, and it is noticeable that the flowers dedicated to or connected with the names of certain saints are generally in blossom at or near the time of their festivals.

To Saint Agnes the Christmas Rose, with its delicate white blossoms, has been very appropriately dedicated, as she was always regarded a special patroness of purity, and in some places it used to be called the Flower of Saint Agnes.

The Christmas Rose grows plentifully in the woods and on the mountains in Alsacia, and the peasants have a tradition that it first bloomed in the snow at the hour of the Nativity. In old German legends the name of the flower is linked with that of Hulda, the goddess of marriage. In one of Grimm's stories the rose is connected with the Christ child, and it is sometimes called the Christwurz or Christ Plant.

In Devonshire the Hellebore is called the Winter Rose. It was used by the ancients to purify their houses and to hallow their dwellings. They also had a belief that by strewing or perfuming their apartments with this plant they drove away evil spirits. This ceremony was performed with great devotion and accompanied with the singing of solemn hymns. In the same manner they blessed their cattle with the Hellebore, to keep them free from the spells of the wicked. For these purposes the plant was dug up with many religious ceremonies. Sometimes a circle was first drawn around the plant with a sword, after which the person would turn to the east and pray to Apollo and Æsculapius (the God of medicine) for leave to dig up the root.

In olden times the root of *H. niger* was used medicinally,

especially in cases where the mind was affected and it is said to be still regarded as a sovereign remedy by German peasants. Until the discovery of *Helleborus orientalis* it was supposed to be the same that furnished the black hellebore, or melanpodium, a famous medicine with the ancient Greeks and Romans, who used it in the belief that it gave clearness and activity to the mental faculties, and the most celebrated philosophers are said to have drunk its infusion for this purpose. The virtues of *H. niger* were formerly much extolled in the old herbals, but it is now much neglected. Its use requires caution for its effects are uncertain and dangerous.

The Christmas Rose is a native of the mountainous woods in many parts of Europe,—Austria, Piedmont, Greece, the Pyrenees and the Appennines. It is said to have been introduced into England in 1596 by the old herbalist Gerard, who said "the true black Hellebore is called Christ's Herb or Christmas Herb, because it bloweth about the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many of our well-known plants are not only named

flowered and green ones. Some of these have large blossoms and are showy and attractive, but the *Helleborus niger* is the one most generally known and most widely cultivated.

Not long since, in a prominent publication, the statement was made that the Christmas Rose was not adapted to growing in the open, but absolutely needed protection.

It seems a little strange that this particular flower should bloom beautifully in the fall and winter as far north as Rochester, N. Y., and not succeed near New York City, but such appears to be the case. We are not supposed to have a very warm climate, indeed the contrary, but the Christmas Rose begins to blossom here in October and continues to bloom more or less all winter, without any protection whatever. It is also reported to us as doing the same in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

It is not at all uncommon to go out on Christmas morning and brush the snow from these hardy flowers, sometimes even digging away several inches, and bring them forth covered with frost but fresh and

bright. Carried into the house they seem to be none the worse for the chilling temperature to which they have been subjected, and will remain fresh a week or two if kept in a cool room, or if put out of doors or into an apartment with a very low temperature at night. If the stems are split up an inch or so, it will help to keep the blossoms in a good condition for a longer time.

If there are a few warm days at Christmas time, sufficient to melt away the snow, these brave blossoms are sure to display themselves smiling as if they enjoyed blooming in the dead of winter. A gentleman of our city has for years prided himself on wearing in his buttonhole one of these rather rare flowers, plucked in his own garden on Christmas day. It has been particularly noticed that while in the fall the flower stems are six or eight inches tall, in the winter they are much shorter, the blossoms sometimes just appearing above the ground and seeming to want to cuddle down under the snow.

One bed of Christmas Roses, just outside the city

limits, was particularly beautiful last fall. It is a large bed, not quite regular in shape but measuring perhaps twelve by thirteen feet. The plants began blooming in October, and the latter part of that month were in their glory, showing hundreds of blossoms and innumerable stems of buds just peering above the ground. At Christmas time two hundred stems of blossoms were picked from this bed.

The bed is partially shaded by trees, and the location seems to suit the plants perfectly. The fortunate owner of it says that she separates the plants and resets them every third year, beginning as early in the spring as it is possible to work in the garden and giving them a good rich soil. Judging by her success, that would seem to be the proper way of treating them, but authorities differ on one point, some claiming that as the plants make slow growth they should be left undisturbed for years and especially that small clumps should not be divided. All authorities agree, however, that they should have a partially shaded location and rich soil, and should be free from the drip of trees, with just enough attention to keep the weeds from over-topping them. Surely plants that afford so much pleasure with so little care should be more widely known and cultivated. Both their season of blooming and their beauty give them claims for future spread and increase. Anyone who has cultivated them is not likely to banish them from the garden.

We do not think our Rochester Christmas Roses are exceptional in blossoming in the fall and winter, but if so we are certainly to be congratulated on their having adopted that habit, for they lend beauty to the garden when all other flowers are gone, and it gives us a greater opportunity to enjoy them. It is a delightful experience, too, when one can go out into the garden on Christmas day and gather the fresh blossoms from under the snow.



A Bed of Christmas Roses

for, but dedicated to, sacred characters, and the usage is even more prevalent in continental countries than in England. Flowers have virtually become the timepieces of our religious calendar, reminding us of the various festivals, as in succession they return. In addition, they immortalize the history and events which such festivals commemorate. In many cases, it should be remembered, the choice of flowers for dedication originated either in their medical virtues or in some old tradition which was supposed to have specially singled them out for this honor.

With us the plant is particularly interesting from the fact of its blooming in the winter, but it also has beauty of its own that would attract attention in a garden of blooming flowers. The dark green, leathery leaves make a fitting environment and pleasing contrast to the pure white flowers. If grown in a partially shaded location, the leaves are so rich in color and so vigorous that the plants are not unattractive even in summer.

The flower stems spring directly from the root. The buds are delicately tinted with pink on the outside when they are small, but the full-blown flowers are pure waxy white, changing to a pale green tint as they grow older, and remaining a long time on the stem. The blossoms are about two inches across, with a large number of yellow stamens. The true petals are small, tubular bodies, or nectaries in the form of a horn with an irregular opening. Only close inspection discloses these curious little organs. A well-established plant will throw up a number of flower stalks in succession, thus prolonging the season of flowering, and a dainty pink bud is often the accompaniment of a pure white, fully expanded flower.

There are numerous varieties of the Christmas Rose, some with white blossoms dotted with red and purple, also dark purple, rose color, crimson, scarlet, yellow-

Growing Bulbs in Water

By Florence Beckwith

Nothing makes a home so cheerful in winter as blooming plants, and a few bulbs brought along from time to time will give a succession of blossoms and brighten many weeks that would otherwise be very dreary.

Nothing in a floral way is so easily done, even by a novice, as growing bulbs in water. It is so very easy to do, and such a profusion of bloom is secured with such a minimum of trouble, that it is a question whether one can afford to live without them. There is change every day, and every new leaf, every bud and blossom will create interest and enthusiasm.

Hyacinths can be very successfully flowered in water. Such a variety of colors can be secured and the fragrance is so pleasing that by many they are considered the most satisfactory of all bulbs for house cultivation. Truly, a fine spike of hyacinths, in full bloom cannot fail to please all flower lovers. "Had I two loaves," said Mohammed, "I would sell one and buy hyacinths to feed my soul."

In selecting bulbs for growing in water, large, solid ones should be chosen. Hyacinth glasses can be obtained, but any vase or receptacle which will support the bulbs above the water will answer the purpose. Choose one of clear glass, for it is interesting to watch the growth of the white, thread-like roots, and they add to the beauty of the plant as a whole.

When placed in glasses for winter flowering, the base of the bulb should just touch the water; this will soon evaporate so that it is a little below the bulb and a sufficient quantity should be added as needed to keep it at this point. Set the glass away in a cool dark place until the roots have made a good growth, then bring to the light but do not keep in a very warm place, for this will force them into premature bloom, before the buds are sufficiently developed. A good plan is to keep the glasses in a room where the temperature is low, bringing some forward into a warmer air from time to time as you desire. If put back into the cooler room at night, the flowers will retain their beauty much longer. Think what beauty and fragrance can be had in midwinter with just this little trouble.

The paper white narcissus can be grown in water with even less trouble than hyacinths. I like best to plant them in a glass dish about eight inches deep and twelve inches in diameter, putting shells or pebbles in the bottom to keep the bulbs in place, and then pouring in water until the bulbs are about half submerged. From six to eight bulbs can be grown in a dish of this size. Any dish can be used for growing them in, but I like one that gives considerable room for the roots so that the plants are not forced up out of the water. It is not necessary to put the dish in the dark when the narcissus is planted in water. I have always had just as good success when they were placed at once in a window where the sun shone on them most of the day.

The pure white blossoms of the narcissus are simply charming and their fragrance exceedingly pleasant. The bulbs will blossom in four weeks time after putting in the water, sometimes less. I always keep relays of the bulbs in order to prolong their season, and I have noticed that those planted latest bloomed in the shortest time. From six bulbs I have had eleven stalks of bloom; surely a good return for the small amount of money invested. The blossoms will last two weeks or more, if not kept in too warm a room. A number of dishes, planted two weeks apart will give a beautiful display of flowers all through the winter.

The Chinese sacred lily is a species of narcissus, and rivals the paper white in the opinion of many. It is, indeed, a very desirable bulb for blooming in water. It can be grown in shallow dishes with enough pebbles to keep the plants from toppling over. Several stalks of bloom are sometimes sent up from a single bulb, producing a profusion of silvery-white blossoms with golden cups and delightful fragrance. A dozen bulbs, started at intervals will give a succession of flowers throughout the winter. The price is much higher than that of the paper white narcissus, but most of those who grow them think they receive the full worth of their money. For myself, though I find much to admire in the Chinese lily, I think I prefer the paper white narcissus. It is, however, simply a question of taste for both are beautiful, free-flowering, and fragrant.

I have grown some yellow narcissi in water and they flowered nicely. They were unnamed varieties, so I am unable to recommend any particular kind. One winter I tried some jonquils; they blossomed beautifully and were delightfully fragrant.

The crocus can be grown in water, the same as the hyacinth. Though they are not fragrant, they are so bright and cheerful it is a

pleasure to have them in winter. I think however, they are most satisfactory when grown in pots or baskets of moss.

If you have never tried growing bulbs in water, I would advise you to make the experiment this winter. It may be a little late to secure hyacinths, but paper white narcissus and Chinese lilies can undoubtedly be yet obtained, and you can have your rooms sweet with flowers at small expense.



Courtesy of James Vick's Sons
Ten days after planting

Twenty-six days after planting
Paper White Narcissus

A Nameless Flower

By Bradford K. Daniels

In Northern Luzon there grows a beautiful white flower to which the natives give no other name than "sabong," which simply means "flower."

I had been living among the Ilocanos for nearly a year before I discovered this remarkable blossom, although it blooms in profusion throughout the greater part of the dry season. The reason why I had not made its acquaintance was because it blossoms in the

and dies in the early morning as soon as the sun's rays fall upon it.

Often as I rode along the dusty roads I saw the wilted remains of these flowers in the tangled vines which everywhere trailed from the dense thickets, but I never suspected the marvel of beauty which they had been only a few hours before. Then, one moonlight night, returning home through a valley, I noticed white trumpet-shaped flowers as large as the top of a teacup hanging in profusion from the dense growth of shrubs along the roadside.

Dismounting, I gathered some of the flowers and took them home. In the light of the lamp they proved to be the most beautiful blossoms I had ever looked upon. Not only the bell-shaped corolla, but the stamens and pistil as well, were of a pure frosty white that made me think of winter and the snow which at that very hour doubtless lay deep over the fields in my far-off native land. Before going to bed I put them in a glass of water; but the next morning I found them wilted and their beauty gone.

When I showed them to my native servant, he said that they blossomed at dusk and withered at sunrise.

That evening at sunset I went for a walk where these strange flowers grew. I found the long spiral buds ready to open, and in the deepening twilight saw one after another burst into bloom before my very eyes, until everything was starred with white. Stopping an old native, I asked him the name of the flower.

"Sabong," he replied. But "sabong" only means "flower," I protested.

"Yes, senor; but we only call it 'sabong'." And so it proved to be.

Later, I had occasion to rise early one morning and ride across the country, and I saw the nameless flower at the time of its fullest beauty—the brief period between daybreak and the rising of the tropic sun. Now, even more than in the lamplight, it seemed the incarnation of pure, cold, sexless beauty, such as the Greek sculptors at the zenith of their power strove to embody in their art.

Soon the blazing sunlight cut the blossoms down; and in an hour nothing remained but shrivelled stems.

Asparagus Plumosus

By Eleanor M. Lucas

This plant is a very ornamental one, and, unlike many green-house plants, it thrives well in the house and retains its green color all winter. It does not require much sunshine, but plenty of light and fresh air are beneficial.

Its graceful fronds surpass those of the Maiden-hair fern in delicacy of texture and richness of color, but, unlike ferns, it endures dry air and a heated atmosphere. The leaves arch gracefully and the plant is fresh and fair all the year round. It is the best greenery for cutting. Its foliage does not wither nor change color for days after the sprays are cut.

For table decoration this asparagus is beautiful. A few sprays laid in the form of a wreath about around table-mirror is an ideal summer decoration and an equally pretty effect is gained by using a growing plant set in a pretty green jardiniere.

A good soil for this asparagus is composed of two-thirds loam and one-third well-decayed manure. A tablespoonful of bone-dust may be mixed with the soil of a six-inch pot. Put plenty of drainage in the bottom of the pot; charcoal is the best, as it keeps the soil sweet and pure. After potting the plant, water well, and when well established give a weekly dose of liquid manure or some other fertilizer. The plant must be faithfully sprayed to keep the foliage clean and the red spider at bay. As it requires a period of alternate growth and rest it is best to induce a vigorous growth during summer and toward winter reduce the supply of water and discard the fertilizer, letting the plant become almost dry. In this state it can be carried safely through the winter if the foliage is sprayed occasionally.

Small Pots For Geraniums

Geraniums blossom best when planted in small pots. Under such conditions the roots become "pot-bound," and the strength of the plant goes to producing blossoms. Try a geranium in a small pot; give it plenty of sunshine and water, and toward spring a little fertilizer occasionally, and see how well you will be rewarded.



Asparagus Plumosus

Some Interesting Shrubs and Trees

By E. S. Gilbert

A good plant for winter display is the red osier or red dogwood (*Cornus Stolonifera*), common in wet places hereabout though it will grow in dry ground if set there. It is said to be a favorite shrub in Central Park, New York city.

It grows six feet or so high sending up a multitude of smooth branching stems from a large root. Bittersweet berries last till spring or nearly so, but *Euonymus* and winterberry are pretty much done with by midwinter. The red osier showing red bark instead of berries is a mass of crimson until the new foliage starts. The large heart shaped leaves are whitish beneath and it is a neat and pretty shrub in summer but the red of its annual shoots is its strong point.

The burning bush (*Euonymus*) is related to the bittersweet and has the same scarlet envelope on its seeds. The variety wild here in Western New York has pink capsules, and when these become faded they open showing the scarlet seeds, which brighten up the bush again.

The Devil's cane, Angelica tree, or Hercules' club (*Aralia spinosa*) is a fine native shrub or small tree found "from Pennsylvania to Indiana and south to the Gulf," but it is perfectly hardy with me here in Western New York and is a good thing. The largest one I ever saw was some fifteen feet high and perhaps six inches through, a soft wooded tree of rapid growth. The annual shoots are an inch or more through and clothed with stout prickles. Suckers come up from the roots here and are often at surprising distances from the parent stem but I do not think they would ever be a pest. The great, compound leaves are two feet or more long and wide in proportion.

There is a huge compound umbel of whitish flowers and small dark berries but I never saw its flowers or fruit; the young plant I set last year is not old enough yet to bloom. The persimmon tree is always associated with the south and I never expected to see it growing on my place. But here it is; it has passed two severe winters with me and it seems perfectly hardy. It has grown a shoot three feet or more long the present season. The leaves are large, smooth and glossy, turning a fine yellow in fall; a nice ornamental tree whether it ever bears any fruit or not. The persimmon is always polygamous and often divelicious so the chance of one tree alone being able to bear is somewhat remote. A half dozen planted together would succeed no doubt. There is an immense difference they say in the size and flavor of the fruit from different trees and no one knows what these seedlings will produce; their quality for the most part will be indifferent, I suppose, like seedling apples. A great many people think no persimmon is good. So on the whole I have no great anticipations concerning the fruit but it is a fine and interesting tree all the same.

A Tomato Orchard

You Can Have One in Florida With Tomato Trees Fifteen Feet High

If you could keep the frost away from a tomato vine for a couple of years it would get to be a fair sized tree. At least the *Texas Farmer* says so and claims that it actually occurs sometimes in Florida—in years when the frost king leaves that State alone.

By the same sign you can plant tomatoes in winter in Florida and have them grow all the spring and summer and fall, and under the right conditions they become very large. The midrib of the leaf of such a tomato plant will grow to be eighteen inches long, a veritable tree limb.

As a result of having seven acres of winter tomatoes frozen out during the great freeze in Florida one grower learned something about how they stake tomatoes in Mississippi. He tried three-quarters of an acre of it in Florida, and the rows of tomato plants, hanging full of fruit, looked like a dwarf fruit orchard.

It takes a lot of work, though, and time to stake and prune tomatoes, but for a kitchen garden supply, North or South, especially if space is limited, the method is ideal. Six feet is the height to which the tomatoes should be trained, and pruned to a single stem. They can be made to grow ten or fifteen feet as well, but this is an inconvenient height.

Plant for Name—Kochia

The specimen enclosed for name by J. O. F., Irvington, Ill., was in poor condition when received. It seems to be Kochia, or Summer Cypress, an attractive plant, not generally cultivated. A well-grown specimen is very ornamental, the foliage being green until September, when it turns crimson.

Floral Question Box

In this department questions on topics of general interest will be answered. Those requesting an answer in any particular number of the magazine should be sent in two months before its date. Correspondents will please observe these general rules: Write queries on a separate sheet from any other matter that your letter may contain. Write your name, town and state plainly on the same sheet; they will not be published. If you wish an immediate personal answer enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. In reporting a failure with any plant, detail the treatment given it.

Baby Primrose

I enclose leaf and flower of a plant of which I desire to know the name. It was given me last Christmas and has been in blossom ever since.—E. F., Mass.

The plant is *Primula Forbesii* commonly known as the Baby Primrose. It is a very constant bloomer.

Caring for Clematis in Winter

Will you please tell me how to care for the white clematis through the winter? Must it be cut at the root or covered?—M. E. H., Illinois.

You do not say what species of clematis yours is. If it is *Clematis paniculata*, it will stand the winter in your latitude, without cutting back, if the roots are protected with coarse manure, leaves or straw. In

1. The plant is *Anemone Queen Charlotte*, a very beautiful variety of the Japan *Anemones*. It can be obtained of any leading florist.

2. It is impossible to identify this plant from the fragment sent. A better specimen next summer might enable us to tell its name.

3. If the lemons are as large as you say, we think it would be advisable to keep them up stairs until they ripen. Afterward the tree could be put in the cellar.

Yellow Roses—Sprouts from Stumps

1. Does the soil affect the color of yellow roses? I have bought everything in the catalogue and gotten slips from all my friends and at best they are nothing but pale cream. What is the cause and remedy?

2. I want to cut down some objectionable trees, they sprout very badly and I wish to get rid of them root and branch. How must I go about it?—Mrs. E. G. B., Kentucky.

1. The old-fashioned Persian Yellow Rose is a deep, golden yellow. If you set one true to name it will meet your wishes. James Vick's Sons catalogue it. Soil does not affect the color of yellow roses.

2. To make a sure thing of getting rid of objectionable trees, dig them out by the root. Making a hole in the stump and putting in salt is recommended by some, also sulphuric acid. Should sprouts come up, cut them off deep down with a spade, they will seldom appear a second time.

Dahlias Blighting

For the last two years our dahlias have been a failure in bloom. The first one or two flowers on each plant being perfect and the others all blighting. They seem to turn brown inside the bud and gradually die. We thought possibly we gave them too much water, and withheld water, but saw no change. The location seems to have nothing to do with it for we have them in different parts of the yard, in full sunshine and in shade. How do you account for it?—Mrs. C. E. C., Illinois.

The hot weather of mid summer is apt to blight the buds of Dahlia. Most likely your plants had too little rather than too much water. When the fall rains come the blossoms are pretty sure to become larger and more perfect. Read articles on Dahlias in June and August numbers of this magazine.

Painting Flower Pots

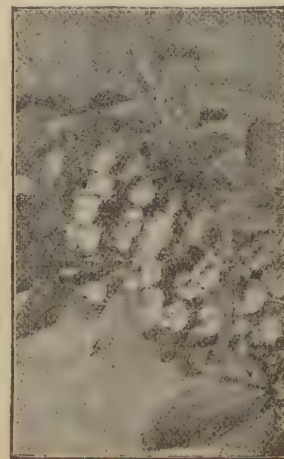
Is it advisable to paint flower pots, or will plants do best in common unglazed dishes?—E. B., Illinois

Plants always do best in common unglazed pots, as these, being porous, permit of the passage of air through them. If you wish more ornamental dishes, better set the pots inside jardinières, or procure some fancy covers, or make coverings of crape paper. The latter can be made more ornamental still by tying them with bows of ribbons. Use paper and ribbon that will harmonize with the color of the blossoms.

Plants for Bulb Beds

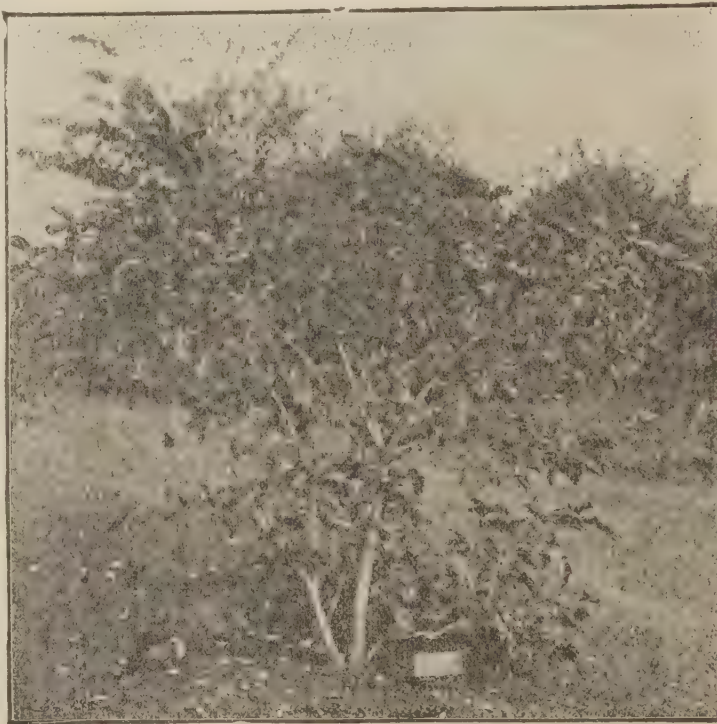
What plants can I have in permanent beds of bulbs to cover the ground after the bulbs have bloomed and died down?—Mrs. A. J. H., Mich.

Any annual plants can be grown in bulb beds. *Phlox Drummondii* and *Portulaca* make a pretty covering for the entire summer. *Petunias*, also, make very ornamental beds for the season. Don't put *Geraniums* or plants which you wish to take up in the beds, as in removing them the bulbs are likely to be injured. *Phlox subulata*, the little Moss Pink, makes a beautiful covering, but it only blooms in the spring. The hardy *Candytuft* is desirable for this purpose, and it blooms when *Tulips* do, making a fine contrast to them. The foliage keeps green all summer, but, of course, the beds would not be as gay as with annuals.



The pink capsules open, showing the scarlet seeds

The Burning Bush (*Euonymus*) is related to the Bittersweet



the spring, not too early, cut out dead branches. If it is a white form of Jackman, cut down to within two or three feet of the ground, cover the roots with coarse manure, bend down the branches and cover them with leaves or straw. In the spring remove the covering, tie the plants up to their support and work the manure into the soil. Most large-flowering white clematis produce their flowers on last year's growth, consequently should not be cut back.

Mealy Bugs, Fern, *Asparagus Plumosus*

1. I have a *Vinca* vine which was growing nicely, on ground same as I had used for my other plants, medium rich loose soil. The stems and leaves showed a white mold, and soon a fat mealy bug appeared. They are without number. I have used warm soap suds and repotted and keep the bugs picked. Is this right?

2. I enclose a leaf of a species of Fern not knowing the name. What shall I do for my Lace Fern *Asparagus Plumosus* which has a new leaf growing and an old one dying all the time. The leaves seem yellow at the tips. I keep the ground stirred and used some glue in the dish as was recommended.—R. M. B., Illinois.

1. If you keep the mealy bugs picked off you will doubtless get rid of them in time. An application of kerosene emulsion will destroy them, or touch them with a brush dipped in whiskey, diluted alcohol, or alcoholic decoction of pyrethrum.

2. The Fern is *Pteris serrulata*.

3. Plant Food dug into the soil or dissolved and used on the plant will keep it in a healthy growing condition. When the fronds turn yellow cut them off and new ones will start. When all the fronds turn yellow I withdraw water for a time, cut back the plant, repot, and get a fine new growth.

Plants for Name—Lemon Tree

1. Kindly tell me the name of the plant of which I enclose blossom and leaf, also where I can obtain it.

2. I would like to know the name of the other plant of which I send leaves and seeds: the flower is blue.

3. Will fruit mature on a Lemon tree if placed in the cellar this winter: the lemons are as large as the largest you buy.—Mrs. N. M. B., Conn.

Christmas Gifts and How to Make Them

Wall Pockets

Wall pockets, when tastefully made, are ornamental on the walls, besides being useful for holding various articles. A piece of matting which comes around tea chests can be made into a pretty paper holder as follows: Cut a piece one foot wide and three feet long. Stitch a few times around it with the machine, then overhand to the edge, on all sides, a piece of round fence wire, bending it to fit the corners, and letting the two ends of the wire meet at the middle of one end of the matting. Bind both long edges with red ribbon the color of holly berries, then overhand the two ends together with strong thread and bind them in the same way.

Sew a brass ring covered with coarse sewing silk to match the ribbon to each corner and fasten a bow of the ribbon in the center between them. On the front of the case paint a spray of holly. The light green of the matting makes a good background for the vivid colors of the holly. A fine line of diamond gold paint around the dark green leaves adds to the attractiveness of the decoration. The open ends of the case make it a very convenient place for the weekly papers or the last magazines.—R. E. Merryman.

A Trinket Holder

The foundation of this little case is a triangle of pasteboard, measuring seven inches on each of the three equal sides.

Mark the middle of each edge and, laying a straight edge on for a guide, cut lightly with a sharp knife from one dot to another, forming a small triangle in the middle of the large one, with its points at the middle of the outer edges of pasteboard.

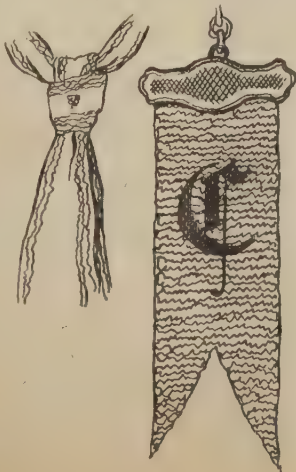
Measure from these lines to the points of the pasteboard and cut lines half way between but on the other side of the pasteboard.

These cuts should be only half way through the pasteboard, allowing it to bend on the lines but not break. When bent on all the lines, the result will be a three cornered case, smaller at the top, having three points flaring from the top. Spread it out again and cover the outside with blue silk, and the inside with cream or light blue silk, leaving it loose enough to allow it to bend easily. Finish the edge with a gold cord and paint some small design on the sides of the case, with diamond gold paint. A tiny design should also be put on the upper side of each flaring point. Tie with bows of blue ribbon at each corner of the case to hold the sides together.—R. E. Merryman.

Shirtwaist Fobs

Shirtwaist fobs are crocheted very tightly, crosswise, in single crochet, using the crochet silk doubled or of two different colors. The ends are left square and fringed or finished with one or two points. The initial or monogram of the wearer, or any small design may be embroidered with a contrasting shade of silk right on the crochet work or outlined with beads.

Suspenders and ties are also crocheted lengthwise or across in the same way. The tie may be worked in stripes of two different colors of silk.



No. 1188—Ballet Pin Cushion

This is Satin covered and trimmed with china silk ruffles, ribbon and fancy net. They are 8 inches high.

No. 1187—Collar and Cuffs

These are new Collar and Cuffs to be worn on the coat. They are going to be more popular this winter than ever. This can be done

in Solid embroidery or Eyelet hole and makes a handsome present.

No. 1190—Duster Bags

Are made of Linen or cream colored scrim, elaborately hand embroidered with cross stitch work in several pretty shades of Saxony embroidery thread. Trimmed with plush balls.



No. 1194—Irish Crochet Opera Bag

This beautiful bag can be made by any one who can make Battenberg or Point Lace as all the braid is basted on as in Battenberg. The



figures are filled the same as in Battenberg, but between the figures is filled with the little braid with the picot on it. It is threaded in a coarse needle and put from one side of the figure to the other as in Battenberg work. Be sure you have no twist in the thread as that would spoil the work.

No. 1196—Work Bag

A handy bag for needlework is made of scrim with feather and cross stitching in Roman floss over a lawn lining of red, yellow, blue, pink, green, or lavender. The handles are embroidery hoops wound with No. 5 ribbon which is finished at the sides with bows. Stitch the lawn and scrim together on the long sides, turn and fasten in the hoops in an inch hem at each end. Gather the center portions of each open side and cover the fastenings with a bow. It takes 9 skeins of Silk to work as shown.



No. 1192—Corset Bag

Size when finished 6x18 inch. This bag can be made of Silk in any color to suit the fancy, or in linen or scrim. It is embroidered in colors, with Teneriffe wheels.

The wheels are inserted and the sprays worked around the wheels. It takes 3 skeins of silk and 2 1/2 yards ribbon, three No. 10 Teneriffe wheels with 20 inches of material in length.



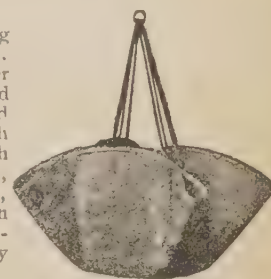
A Variety of Helpful Designs

By Mrs. E. J. Grote



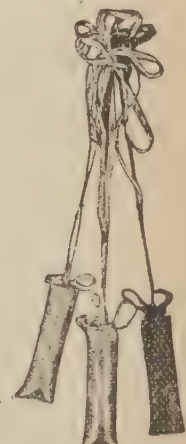
No. 1195—Circular Work Basket

Circular flat-opening work basket is shown closed. It is 19 inches in diameter when opened. It is closed by means of Roman cord gathered in the center with brass rings. Fitted with two pockets, needlebook, space for scissors, thimble, etc. Outside stamped in assorted designs to be embroidered with Frankony embroidery thread.



No. 1191—Hatpin Cushion

These are made of of three colors of ribbon or silk. They are seven inches long and trimmed with tri-colored ribbons.



No. 1193—Opera and Fan Bag

Size 4x10 inches. This Bag can be embroidered in silk, painted or worked in ribbon embroidery. It will make a very pretty present. It requires 2 yards of narrow ribbon and takes 3/4 of a yard of ribbon 5 inches wide.

Price List of Pattern

- 1187—Collar and Cuffs, price \$1.00 stamped on good linen.
- 1188—Ballet Pin Cushion, price of pattern .25 cents, with trimmings \$1.25.
- 1190—Material 50 cents. Ready made 75 cents.
- 1191—Hatpin Cushion Forms 25 cents. Ready made 75 cents.
- 1192—Corset Bag, cost of materials ready to work \$1.00.
- 1193—Opera and Fan Bag, stamped on silk \$1.25, on flowered ribbon \$1.00.
- 1194—Crochet Opera Bag, pattern and materials \$1.00.
- 1195—Circular Work Basket, stamped materials 75 cents.
- 1196—Work Bag, materials furnished for \$1.00.

Address all orders to
Mrs. E. J. GROTE, 3409 Lawton Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

A Christmas Carol

By J. G. Holland

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperaled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

PERK

By George C. Wille

door pushed it open, but, like some two-legged people you may be able to call to mind his memory was defective sometimes about closing the door after him, and it was necessary to call his attention to the fact. Then he would jump up on his hind legs, place his forepaws against the door and run and shut it with a bang. That was a bad habit; he always slammed the door. I guess, you can all recollect others who do this. Sometimes he would slam the door to so hard that it would fly open again. Then it was his painful duty to close it again. Through his impetuosity he has had to jump up and run (on his hind legs, mind



"Please--a Bone!"

HE WAS just six weeks old when first he came into my possession. A fat little dumpling of a fox-terrier puppy, and as full of fleas as he could hold. These he was soon freed from by a little coal-oil, on a rag, carefully rubbed into his coat, too much would destroy it. He was marked with black, tinged with tan round one eye; and the ear, on the opposite side to this, was marked in the same way. Near the end of his stump of a tail was also a black marking, the rest of his body was pure white, and, as he was always well and regularly fed, as he grew older his coat became very thick and fine—not coarse and wiry, like most fox-terriers.

As a puppy he was a comical little chap and his funny yet endearing little ways gradually gained him privileges. He was not allowed to come into the dining-room at meal times all at once. He would lie just outside the door, with his head between his paws, and, if you cautiously watched, you would notice a little wriggling movement, and although the position of his body was apparently the same if you looked closer you would see that now his head was no longer outside, but just inside the door: a moment or two more and half his body would be over the door-sill, but his head would be still between his paws, just as if he had never moved. His little bright eyes would look so entreating and say so plainly, "Let a little dog come in and have a piece." His master's heart was too soft to stand out long against his little dog's beseeching look, and soon at each meal he took his place by his master's chair, sitting up quiet and well-behaved, knowing that his wants would not be overlooked nor his appetite go unappeased!

And where do you think he slept? Out in the woodshed to shiver through some frosty night in spring or fall? Or anywhere, in any old thing at all, to freeze with the thermometer 'way below zero?

No, dear children, his master loved his little faithful trusting friend, and he slept on as good a bed as yours—his master's bed!

Now bend your head down, and come close, for it wouldn't do to let every one hear this! On very cold nights, Mr. Perk would work his way in between the blankets, and snuggle inside: but he was the cleanest of dogs, and never smelt the least bit "doggie." Like all smooth-haired terriers he was chilly, and in cold weather he always knew where the stove was; nor was he kicked from it, as is the habit with some people who have no right to keep dogs.

He learned to do lots of things, for he was a "brainy" pup, but there is not space to tell all his pretty ways.

The kitchen door leading out into the yard was opened with a thumb-latch, and Perk had taught himself to open this from the outside by standing on his two hind legs and, scratching with one of his forepaws on the thumb, he would thus lift the latch inside, and his weight against the

you) as many as three times before he has successfully closed the door. That was because he allowed himself to get real mad, and put too much energy into the matter, defeating his own purpose. Well, there are others. Boys and girls, too, who allow themselves to get pettish at times.

It was always a source of amusement to visitors, this opening and closing of the door by Perk. It would often happen that on their entry Perk would be out in the back garden prospecting for stray cats—and other trifling things that take up much of the time of a healthy fox-terrier's mind—when he heard the bell ring, being very fond of company, he would conclude to throw up business for the time being, get indoors



Perk

Things that Money Cannot Buy

By Mary Ella Lawrence

We have often been told of what wealth would bring,
Or the loss of it take away;
And we know that its value is great indeed,
In our struggle with life each day.
But happy and blest is the man I ween,
Who can say without sorrow or sigh,
That he holds the key to the treasures rare,
Things that money cannot buy.

What depth of purse can procure the love
That we crave in this land of strife?
Or bring us the calm, contented mind
As we journey the path of life,
Or the buoyant health which gives a zest
To the pleasures our hearts desire;
The crown of happiness, friendship true,
Or the love which will never tire.

If I sought to exchange with one who lacked
Of these gems of worth, the key,
Though he thrived in the midst of wealth, how much
Would their market value be?
That money has power we say with truth,
To be generous each should try,
But the choicest blessings from heaven, are
Things that money cannot buy.

and seek entertainment that way. Then the visitors, if they were listening, would hear some one fumbling with the latch on the kitchen door; presently it would open and in would march Perk bold as life and superbly unconscious of leaving the door wide open!

When he was sharply told to "Go and shut the door!" it used to amuse people to see him go out and shortly afterward hear the door bang-bang good and hard. He was strong in the muscles, and never learned to have a delicate "touch."

Often on the street, when out with his master, some child, quite unknown to the latter, would say as he or she passed, "Hello, Perk." Perk would know, however, and wag his stumpy tail and prick up his ears. That was his way of smiling.

His portrait shows him with a Sunday school expression on his face; but he wasn't always a Sunday-school dog. Sometimes, like his many two-legged little friends I suppose, he would get out of bed the wrong way, and seem bent upon seeking trouble; when he found enough to entitle him to punishment he always made rapid tracks to the lady of the house to seek her intervention on his behalf and to implore her to use her influence in mitigation of the chastisement he merited. But you must not form the opinion that Perk was a bit of a scallawag; he wasn't. His misfortunes were spread over five years, and between each mishap were months and months of model behaviour and gentlemanly conduct.

Well, this little biography must come to an end, for, to his master's lasting sorrow, Perk, in some way, got hold of some poison and came to an end, too; a most untimely end.

He sleeps well now, in the grave his loving master prepared for him in a cozy nook in the garden; a little grass-grown mound surrounded with flowers and a little ornamental fence to protect the whole.

"Only a dog! Yes, here a dog is laid,
Yet laugh not, stranger, there was
one to love me!"*

*Translation of inscription found on an ancient Greek Tombstone over a dog.

A Vegetable Hair

One of the most interesting, though perhaps least known industries of Algeria is the production of vegetable hair. This hair or fibre is made from the dwarf palm which grows in large quantities along the coasts of Algeria.

A few years ago this plant was looked upon as a useless weed; now it has been found to contain a most useful fibre and is largely sought after. This fibre is an excellent substitute for horsehair and is in great demand among upholsterers, mattress makers, harness makers and carriage builders on the Continent for the cheaper class of goods.

This is a true tale of a boy's life in the West twenty-five years ago. It is an account of his amusements, his trials, his work, his play. The incidents described actually happened and are described substantially as "the boy" related them to the writer.

The "wild and woolly" West is fast vanishing, and a great deal of the adventurous life is going with it. Buffalo hunts are things of the past; encounters with Indians that were experienced in the time of John Worth's boyhood are now happily very rare; railroads have penetrated the cattle country, and vast herds of cattle are no longer driven long distances to the shipping point, so that the consequent danger, hardship, and excitement are largely done away with.

In places the great prairies have been fenced, in others grain grows where heretofore only buffalo, cattle, and horses ranged, and much of the free, wild life of the cowboy, the ranchman and the miner is gone for all time.

It is hoped that this book will be of interest, not because of its novelty but its truthfulness. The author feels that the story of a boy who has passed through the stern training of a frontier life to an honorable place in an Eastern university will be acceptable to boys young and old.

CHAPTER I

AN INDIAN ATTACK



SOLITARY horseman rode into the little frontier town of Bismarck, shortly after dark one evening, about twenty-five years ago. Horse and rider passed up the single unpaved street; in the darkness no one noticed the fagged condition of the animal, nor the excitement of the rider, betokened by the continued urging of his weary pony.

The town was unusually full of nomadic people who made up its population, cow punchers, saloon keepers, gamblers, freighters, and outlaws. The evening quiet was constantly broken by the sounds of revelry, and the report of a pistol occasionally punctuated the general noise as some hilarious cowboy playfully shot at the lights.

In the dim ray cast across the street through the small windows of the saloons and dance halls, no one saw the horseman ride up the street to "Black Jack's," one of the most conspicuous saloons; here he stiffly dismounted and tied his pony to the pole where stood a row of other horses. After glancing around to see that all was secure, he entered. He was hailed with a chorus of shouted greetings and questions.

"Hello, Harry! what's the matter?"

"Why, there's Harry Hodson! What drove you down the trail to-night?"

"Are you dry, old man? Come and drive a nail with me."

These and many more questions poured in on him so thick and fast that no chance, for some time, was given him to speak.

As the crowd drew around the new comer, who was a sober, steady, cattleman from twenty-five miles up the river, they noticed that there was something out of the ordinary in his manner. Even the fact of his appearance at that place and hour was unusual.

"No, boys," he said, in answer to the many invitations to drink. "I think we'll all need clear heads before daylight."

"Why, what's the trouble?" chorused the crowd.

"The fact is," continued Hodson, hurriedly, "I caught my cattle and then came down to tell you that a big bunch of Indians crossed the river above my place this afternoon, and they looked as if they were on the war path."

All were attentive now, and even the most reckless of these wild men, living continually in the midst of dangers, wore grave faces.

"I didn't stop to investigate. I wasn't taking any chances, you see," he went on. "So I ran my cattle over onto Woody Island and then started down the trail, giving the word to the fellows along the road. Hostiles have been pretty thick across the river lately, and I've had to watch out."

By this time all hands were thoroughly interested. As Hodson went on with his tale, the men drew nearer to him, their faces showing how keenly they realized what his news might mean to all.

Questions followed thick and fast.

"How many were there? Where did they cross?" asked one.

"How many horses? Did they have any squaws with them?"

Without giving Hodson a chance to answer, they all began to talk in an excited babel of voices, advancing opinions and theories as to what had taken place. One big fellow, in a red flannel shirt, asserted that they must have crossed the river at Elbow Island; another contradicted this statement and said that the stream was too wide at this point and that they crossed in "bull boats," as the rude craft made of buffalo or cow hides stretched over strong light frames of willow were called.

Hodson stood apart while this discussion was going on, with the bored air of one who was fully acquainted with the facts and could end the unnecessary talk in a moment if he was allowed an opportunity.

"Big Bill" Smith, one of the older men, took in the situation. "Dry up," said he, "let Harry talk, will you? He's the only one who knows anything."

"Well," said Harry, as the crowd once more turned to him, "there isn't much talking to do, but there's plenty of hustling ahead for us. About two hundred Indians crossed the river up at Sioux Ford. They were traveling pretty light, and I guess they were looking for beef or anything else they can lay their hands on; probably they think they can scare us off with a few shot and then run the stock off. They

Cattle Ranch to College

A Serial Story for Our Boys

Patience Perseverance and Pluck Always Win

By Russell Doubleday

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had a lot of horses—not enough to go around—but a lot. We've got to get ready for them on the jump, for if they're coming they'll be here before daylight, and the stock and wagons will have to be got in right away."

"Somebody go for Jim Mackenzie," said Big Bill.

As one of the men started for the door to carry out this order, a tall, commanding figure, grizzled and somewhat bent, but more from hardship than from age, entered the room. He was recognized at once as the sheriff; the central figure when trouble was brewing, but a retiring, inconspicuous citizen when all was peaceful.

When action was required he was in his element. A man to depend on in time of trouble, one to command in an emergency. It was very noticeable that these rough cattlemen, accustomed to depend upon themselves, who when off duty acknowledged no law except their own wishes, instinctively looked for a leader when confronted with this common danger. No one thought of questioning his orders, but obeyed with military precision. For the time, his word was law.

"Harry," said the sheriff, turning to the bringer of these sad tidings, after the above facts had been told him, "you put your saddle on my bay and take a couple of men with you back on the trail. Bring back Jim White and his outfit of wagons and stock; he's camped down on Hay Creek. There are some smaller outfits on the Black Hills road; better help them get in. You'll want to hustle," he added, as Hodson and his two helpers went out.

"Smith," continued the sheriff, issuing orders as fast as a pony could trot. "Take a couple of men and get in the circle bar Q stock, there's only a night-herder with them. The rest of you who have wagons and stock out, bring them in yourselves. All you loose men," he added, as he noticed that several men still lingered in the hot, close, smoke-filled room, "get your guns, saddle up, and come to my shack."

The sheriff had been in the place but five minutes, but now fat Sam Whitney, a frequenter of the place, Black Joe, the saloon keeper, and a couple of soldiers from the fort across the river, were all that remained with him.

The men outside could be heard saddling up, struggling with their refractory horses, and calling out to each other; from time to time the rapidly diminishing sound of galloping hoofs came to the ears of the silent men who for the moment remained motionless.

The sheriff was planning his defence against the expected Indian attack, and the men who were with him, without a word waited for the announcement of his next move. It was Jim Mackenzie, and they put themselves in his hands with blind confidence.

Bismarck was a frontier town in the full sense of the word. A collection of rude houses, more or less strongly built of logs and dried mud, straggled along the single street. Placed at the intersection of the expected railroad and the Missouri River, a town of considerable size was mapped and many streets with high-sounding names were projected. But only Main Street was actually laid out. The houses, which their inhabitants called shacks, were built on the north side of the street facing the south, in obedience to the natural law of cold climates, so Bismarck boasted really of but half a street, and that a short one.

Fort Abraham Lincoln, situated directly across the river, was supposed to afford protection to the settlers from the Indian marauders, but the hardy, self-reliant frontiersmen were generally able to take care of themselves. Not many of the inhabitants stayed the year round. The few who did remain through all seasons—the saloon keepers, horseshoers, stable keepers, and the three families—dwelt in the more pretentious houses. The other residences were mere temporary shelters, which their owners would not have considered worth fitting up had they been able to do so.

Around the outskirts of the town were always a number of freight outfits, and this night was no exception to the general rule. The cumbersome wagons were drawn in a circle, harnesses lying in a seemingly hopeless tangle on the wagon tongues, and the tents were pitched against their sides or canvas lean-to's were rigged up. A number of greasy men lounged around the campfires, some sleeping, some re-braiding whips, some mending harness or chopping out new brake blocks. The work stock were grazing at a little distance where the grass was good, guarded by an armed herder.

To these freighters' camps came the sheriff himself to warn them of the impending danger. Immediately all was activity. The work stock were brought, and, in a trice, harnessed to the heavy wagons. The mules were urged forward with shouts and cracking of whips, and soon the whole outfit was on its way to form a

cordon around the town, or, at least, on the side that was most likely to be attacked.

Mackenzie rode with the wagon-train for a short distance, then branched off after giving some final orders, or rather suggestions, for any emergency that might arise.

"So long," he said.

"So long," said the driver of the leading team. (Whether a man was leaving for a trip across the street or across the continent, the parting words were, invariably, "So long.")

Mackenzie went on his way, skirting the town, keeping his eyes and ears wide open. There was nothing within hearing to indicate

that the settlement was in danger of attack from the dreaded Indian. The teamsters could still be heard shouting to their mules, and an occasional creaking squeak from the wagons broke the stillness. The sheriff listened in vain for more ominous sounds.

"The reds are still pretty far off, or they are keeping mighty dark," he said to himself, as he put spurs to his horse and galloped towards one of the better-looking houses that stood on a little rise some distance from the Main Street settlement. Messengers had been sent in every direction, to warn sleeping citizens, and all had been arranged for except this household, one of the three families of the town.

Mackenzie rode up to the door, and without dismounting, knocked.

In an instant there was a sound of bustling, for the Westerner sleeps with one eye open, and is ready at a moment's notice for anything that may occur.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice.

"Mackenzie," answered the sheriff.

Almost at the same moment the door opened, and a man stepped out.

"Hello, Worth!" said the sheriff. "You'd better bring the wife and children further down. Harry Hodson just came down the trail and reports a big bunch of Indians a few miles up, and—"

But Worth did not wait to hear any more.

"John," Worth shouted back into his shack; "you and Ben help your mother pack up the bedding and take care of the baby. We've got to be lively. You know what to do. You see, Mac," he said, turning to the horseman, "I thought I might as well get things started while you were telling me about these hostiles."

"All right," said the sheriff. "Good scheme. You might as well saddle up and come along with me so you can find a place beforehand for the wife and kids."

In a few minutes both men were on their way to the center of the town; Mackenzie, to send out his pickets and guards, and to arrange the placing of stock and wagons; Worth, to find a temporary shelter for his family. The boys, John and Ben, were left behind to look after the home, pack up the goods, catch and saddle the horses. It was a seemingly big task for boys of ten and twelve, but from the time these boys were able to walk they—in common with other boys of the frontier—had to look out largely for themselves. They were strong, sturdy little chaps.

John, the elder, was his father's right hand man, and when Mr. Worth was away on one of his frequent freighting trips, John was often called upon to take care of the family in emergencies much like the present one.

In this frontier town, the reports of bands of hostile Indians coming to raid and kill were not uncommon. The single man, active, mounted, armed with weapons as familiar to him as his right hand, had no fear of not being able to outwit or escape the enemy, wily as the redskins were. In fact, the Indians themselves were well aware of the ability of the plainsmen to cope with them when unhampered by women and children, so they practically never began hostilities until they could get their white enemies at a disadvantage. The few families were, therefore, their especial point of attack. It was their helplessness that tempted the onslaught and aroused the savage instincts of these marauders. When the head of the family, the bread winner, was away, the dread of these fearful, relentless attacks on his helpless ones abode with him always. The mother and children, left at home, lived always under the shadow of the same fear.

John and his brother, therefore, fully understood the danger and the need for speedy and careful preparation. They had often, at the warning of the hostiles' approach, helped their mother make a fort of the solid log house by piling up the scanty furniture and bedding against the doors and windows, leaving only loopholes for their rifles; and though the present situation was one that would make ordinary boys useless through fear, John and Ben, on the contrary, were too busy to worry; they knew exactly what was to be done, and in their sturdy, independent way went to work to do it.

"Say Ben," said John, as they went toward the corral (the circular inclosure in which the saddle horses were kept), "I'll bet it's just those Indians we saw across the river, day before yesterday, while we were hunting Gannons' horses. There was a lot of squaws in that bunch, do you remember?"

"That's right," assented Ben; "and I'll bet that some of Gannons' horses were in that lot of Indian ponies. If it was ten dollars reward instead of five, it might have been worth while to run the risk of trying to find out; but five dollars is too little to go fooling around a strange Indian's camp for."

The talk was ended by their arrival at the corral and the subsequent busy time catching and bridling of the horses. The ponies were then led to the door, where they were saddled. As they were cinching them up—as the tightening of the girths is called—Mr. Worth returned. In a few minutes the whole family were on their way to the Sebells', one of the other Bismarck families who lived on Main Street.

In town they found all activity. Horsemen were galloping to and fro, cattle, horses, and mules dashed in and out, wagons driven at full speed crossed and recrossed the dusty street. As soon as they were installed at their new-found shelter and their household goods disposed of, John went with his father to get in the extra stock of horses and mules, for, next to his family, these are the freighter's chief care.

They found their stock together, as was expected, for animals, particularly horses, that come from the same place, always stay together. This instinct made it much easier for the herder to gather his own, when there were many animals belonging to different outfits on a common grazing ground. The Worth stock was promptly driven inside the now almost complete circle of wagons, and there tied.

A group of men were busy piling up boxes, barrels, and bales, taken from the freighters' wagons, into the semblance of breastworks. As John and his father approached, the sheriff came forward and joined them.

"Family all right Worth?" he asked, kindly. "I sent up a couple of men to help you and they reported that your shack was deserted and the place locked up for keeps. You didn't waste any time."

"That was good of you, Mac," said Mr. Worth, holding out his hand. "How you're able to think of so many things at once, beats me. Yes, we got out in pretty quick shape; you see my boys, Johnny here and Ben, are first rate hands to depend on in an emergency. They did pretty near the whole thing tonight. By the way, the boys were hunting horses up the river day before yesterday, and saw quite a large bunch of Indians in the brush below Harry Hodson's."

"Why didn't you say something about this before?" interrupted the sheriff, turning to John.

"Ben and I have seen plenty of Indians," said John eagerly. "There were a lot of squaws in this bunch, so I didn't believe they were a war party. We didn't think anything more about them until this scare came up tonight."

"Well, you have got a good head on you, young man. I don't know but you are right, and this may be a false alarm. Still Hodson generally knows what he's talking about." The sheriff was speaking more to himself than to his hearers, "I'm glad we've got a lot of first rate scrappers with us; I guess the reds would think twice if they knew what they were running up against."

All was comparatively quiet. The work and strain of preparation was succeeded by a time of waiting, a period of suspense that was, perhaps, harder to bear than the first shock of the unpleasant news.

John and his father returned to their temporary home to calm the mother's fears. Mrs. Worth had the family rifle ready, and Ben had polished and oiled every cartridge in the belt, so that they would slip in without jamming. Mr. Worth shouldered the gun and went out, leaving the boys with their mother. Though all was now quiet and his mother and brother were asleep, John could not close his eyes. He understood, as his younger brother could not, the danger that menaced the household and the town. Death, swift, by knife or bullet, or slow through torture, was sure to come if that band of Indians got inside the inclosure. He had heard gruesome tales describing the treatment that the savages meted out to their prisoners and the horror of it would not leave him. At last he could stand it no longer. Quickly he rose from the heap of bedding and stole to the door. He was fully dressed, and his little six-shooter still slung on his left hip where he had buckled it when the sheriff first knocked at the home shack.

All was still outside, except for the occasional stamping of a pony or the distant wail of a coyote. Pickets were posted just over the rise of the north of the town, from which direction the attack was expected. They were to give warning of the approach of the Indians by a rifle shot.

Suddenly there was borne on the breeze to the waiting men the sound of galloping horses. Louder it grew, then fainter; then again still louder. So the sound wavered, but ever came nearer.

The watchers sprang to their feet, rifles ready, eyes gleaming.

"Steady, boys," said the calm voice of Mackenzie. "Wait a bit."

Still the thumping of many hoofs approached nearer.

What had become of the pickets? Had they been all killed with the enemy's noiseless arrows? Or had they been lured away beyond hearing and shot?

Daylight was breaking; the enemy could now be seen, that was one comfort. And as they stood, ears alert, eyes strained, their nerves keyed up to the tensest pitch, awaiting the onslaught, that ominous noise of hoof-beats came ever nearer, nearer, nearer.

Suddenly a horse's head appeared above the brow of the hill, then another and another until quite a score or more were in plain view. They dashed down the incline toward the corral of wagons. But they were all riderless! Presently two riders appeared. They shouted a greeting as they came down the hill and explained that they were of the N bar N outfit (that is to say, their brand bore these marks: $\frac{N}{N}$).



Perkiomen Bridge

This bridge was built at Collegeville, Pa., about the year 1790. One third of the money necessary to construct the bridge was raised by means of a lottery, which the commissioners of Montgomery county were authorized by the State Legislature to conduct. The bridge has been in constant use ever since, and is always kept in perfect repair. Where the bridge stands was the old fording place which Washington and his army crossed on the 12th of December, 1777, on their way to winter quarters at Valley Forge.

A space was hastily cleared between the wagons to allow these newcomers' horses to enter the inclosure; but it was too late; the bunch parted, turning to right and left. The two herders also separated in pursuit, each following a bunch.

Immediate danger over, the waitingmen relaxed their extra vigilance, and all hands watched the efforts of the two herders in their vain attempts to head off their charges. The sheriff was just saying, "I wish some of you fellows would help round up that bunch; we want to get them all in before the hostiles show up," when a third horseman appeared, riding like the wind.

"Say, that chap has got a fresh horse," said "Casino," one of the freighters.

The new arrival, after a headlong dash, regardless of ditches, brush and badger holes, succeeded in rounding up the frightened horses, and with the help of the herder, drove them into camp. A similar performance soon brought in the other bunch.

As the new rider trotted in through the gap, some one shouted: "What'll you take for that horse? He's a regular whirlwind."

"Yes," said one of the herders, "he's a dandy, isn't he? My stock would have got away if Johnny Worth hadn't come out on Baldy."

"So it's Johnny Worth, eh!" said Bill Smith. "Good work, kid."

"Oh!" said Johnny, "they're only worn-out, winded plugs; they were easy for Baldy. He was saddled and all ready," the boy added in explanation.

"Well done, Johnny," said the sheriff, who had once before that night praised the boy's pluck. Then, turning to the group about him, "Some of you boys

had better get breakfast," said he; "there's no telling when that war party may turn up, and you must eat now when you have the chance."

CONTINUED IN JANUARY

Why Popcorn Pops

"What makes popcorn pop?" asks the inquisitive youngster.

By the evasive replies he receives, it is evident that the real reason is not generally known.

The different kinds of corn contain oil in varying proportions. In popcorn there is a considerable amount. This expands when heated, becomes explosive and causes the kernels to pop open. In common corn the percentage of oil is small and for this reason it only cracks, without exploding, when heated.

Popcorn is inexpensive and nutritious as well, if not used to overindulgence. From soup to dessert it finds a place on our menus, while a great variety of sweets may be made from it. It is a pleasing conceit of today to sprinkle large and perfect grains of freshly popped corn over light, thin cream soups just as each portion is served.

Floating on the surface, they are certainly attractive and are also a most excellent substitute for wafers or croutons. Another clever idea is to serve fresh buttered popcorn with a salad. The combination is delicious and the corn should be tastefully arranged, encircling a mound of salad.

Popcorn, either sugared or buttered, may fittingly be served with plain ice cream and ices and the combination is both novel and dainty.

—Good Housekeeping.

The First Christmas Cards

Christmas cards, like a good many other things, might be said to have been discovered by accident. Their originator was a Mr. Dobson who in 1844 made a little sketch symbolic of the season's joys and sent it to a friend. It gave great pleasure, and the next day Mr. Dobson determined to follow up the idea on a larger scale. He had his card lithographed and was enabled to send copies to some twenty-five of his friends. Mr. Dobson soon saw that his idea was a very happy one, for the delight of those who had received his cards was far greater than if he had sent them a gift. Thus has come to us this card greeting now almost as indispensable to Christmas as our evergreen trees and mysterious packages tied in red ribbons with a spray of holly, to bid us a "Merry Christmas."

Bringing in the Yule Log

In Aix it was the custom, when the Counts of Provence still lived and ruled there, for the magistrates of the city each year at Christmastide to carry in solemn procession a huge *cacho-fio* to the palace of their sovereign, and there formally to present to him—or, in his absence, to the grand seneschal on his behalf—this their free-will and good-will offering. And when the ceremony of presentation was ended the city fathers were served with a collation at the Count's charges, and were given the opportunity to pledge him loyally in his own good wine.

What a joy the procession must have been to see! The gray-beard magistrates, in their velvet caps and robes wearing their golden chains of office; the great log, swung to shoulder-poles and borne by leathern-jerkined henchmen; surely drummers and fifers, for such a ceremony would have been impossibly incomplete in Provence without a tambourine and galoubet; doubtless a race of ceremonial trumpeters; and a seemly guard in front and rear of steel-capped and steel-jacketed halberdiers. All these march in gallantly, through the narrow yet stately Aix streets. And then fancy the presentation in the great hall of the castle; and the gay feasting; and the merry wagging of gray-bearded chins as the magistrates cried all together, "To the health of the count!" and tossed their wine!—*Thomas A. Janvier in The Century.*

The Wonderful Bag and What Was in It

A Series of Stories for the Girls about Real Fairies



UNT HESTER," said Mabel and Wilfrid in chorus one morning, after they had for some time followed her silently about from pantry to cellar, "Aunt Hester, oughtn't people to keep their promises?"

"Of course," she answered with a quiet smile.

"Well then, dear aunty," said Mabel, in a wheedling tone, "didn't you tell us that you had a Wonderful Bag hidden away somewhere; and didn't you say you would some day bring it out; and didn't you say there would be more stories in it; and didn't you almost promise you would let us have a tea-party; and—"

Here Mabel stopped to take breath and Aunt Hester said with a twinkle of her kind old eyes:

"I did say all those things, my dear, and what is more, I mean to keep my promises. You shall have a tea-party tomorrow; the 'Wonderful Bag' shall make its appearance and I hope you will like the stories it contains."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Mabel, full of delight, "Whom can we invite and can I write the invitations?"

"I am afraid you do not write well enough," answered Aunt Hester. Louise shall write the notes and I will let Archy drive you and Wilfrid around to deliver them."

"I wish it was tomorrow now," said Wilfrid.

"I don't," said his Aunt, laughing, "for there is a great deal to be done first. Louise, my dear, as I shall need your help tomorrow, suppose you get your desk and write the invitations now."

Louise ran cheerfully upstairs and soon returned with her little rosewood writing-desk in her arms. This desk was her greatest treasure, her papa having given it to her just before he sailed for Europe, and as she had used it only a few times it was still fresh and new. One of the compartments was well stocked with writing-paper of various sizes, all stamped with her name, Louise, and in others were envelopes to match the paper, a pretty plaid ruler, and a seal with the name Louise cut on it in old English letters.

Louise having carefully opened her desk, took out some sheets of small-sized notepaper, fitted a new pen to her plaid pen-holder, and told Aunt Hester she was ready to begin.

"Now let me think whom I will invite," said her aunt. "I will not ask any rude boys for they don't deserve to come to a tea-party with girls till they know how to behave themselves. I will ask Joe and Charlie Miller, and Grace Sommers, they will be companions for you and Archy, Louise; and Johnny Williams and his little sister Edith will be just the age for Wilfrid and Mabel."

"How shall I write the notes?" inquired Louise somewhat timidly.

"Every one in Pleasant Valley calls me Aunt Hester, so say, 'Aunt Hester will be happy to have so-and-so drink tea with her on Thursday evening, at six o'clock.'"

"Who is so-and-so, a boy or a girl?" said Mabel.

Everyone laughed, and Aunt Hester explained what she meant.

"But if they don't come till six o'clock we won't have any time to play," cried Wilfrid.

They will understand that though we don't have tea till six, they are expected about four," said his aunt. "The sun will be off the lawn by that time and you can put a swing up there. I will tell Jake to put a swing in the apple orchard too, and if you all try to make your guests have a good time I don't doubt but that you will succeed."

Louise wrote the five invitations with great care, and sealing them up, laid them away in her desk for safe-keeping until morning. The children then dispersed to their several occupations and amusements.

The next morning they were up bright and early and breakfast was soon dispatched. Then Jake brought the old phaeton round to the door, and Mabel and Wilfrid jumped in, followed by Archy who was to

drive. Aunt Hester would not have trusted the children to go alone if the horse had been any other than old Whitey, but he was perfectly safe. Not all Archy's endeavors could make him go faster than a dog-trot, and, as it was his habit to stop at every house in the village, Wilfrid had plenty of time to jump out and deliver the notes. The first house that they stopped at was the Miller's and there they saw two boys peeping curiously round the corner of the barn.

"I bet there's Joe and Charlie, Miller," said Archy eagerly to Mabel, "I hope they'll come, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mabel, in a dignified manner, "if they are good boys and like to play 'oats, peas, beans.'"

"Pooh!" cried her brother contemptuously, "you don't suppose they will play such girl's games as that: those games are only fit for the little fellows."

"Oats, peas, beans, is a very nice game," retorted Mabel, "and I know you'll want to play it with us, but we won't let you, and then I guess you'll feel sorry."

Archy was sorely tempted to reply, but he recollected in time that "grievous words stir up anger," and refrained. Just then Wilfrid came bounding back.

"I saw their mother and she said they could come," cried he in great excitement.

"That's prime!" said Archy whipping up old



Merry Christmas

Whitey; but old Whitey would not be whipped into going any faster. On the contrary he showed a disposition to stop in front of the next house.

"What's the matter with the old thing?" cried Archy impatiently as he tugged at the reins and tried to make Whitey go on.

"We are not to invite any one who lives here and yet he will stop and I see two girls looking over the fence. Oh! what shall we do?" Poor Archy tugged and thumped in vain. Whitey persisted in stopping before the house, and when he thought he had waited long enough, jogged soberly on again. It took them a good while to deliver all the invitations, owing to this habit of Whitey's, but at length they accomplished it and reached home safe and sound.

Meanwhile Louise had not been idle at home. She had helped Aunt Hester to beat up eggs for the cake, and had scraped the chocolate for the caramels. She dusted the parlor nicely and put it all in order, and then went out to the orchard to show Jake where to put up the swing. If any of Louise's former little friends had seen her working so busily with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows and a large white

apron pinned over her dress, they would have wondered what had come over the proud little girl. But Louise had learned many things from Aunt Hester, one of the chief of which was, that what we find for our hands to do we should do with all our might; that nothing is mean or low which helps a friend, or makes others comfortable or happy.

Aunt Hester was far from strong and if Louise had disdained to help her she would have been quite tired out by the time the little guests arrived. As it was, she was able to take a short nap before dinner which refreshed her so that she was able to sit down to the meal in high spirits. After dinner, Louise allowed the others to have a peep into the pantry where all kinds of inviting things were arranged upon the shelves.

"Oh, how good they look!" cried Archy, "just let me have one, Lou," but his sister would not consent and pushed him gaily out, declaring it was time for them all to go and dress.

By half-past three they were all ready to receive their guests. Louise and Mabel looked very pretty in their white dresses and pink ribbons, and the boys had neat grey summer suits, with fresh collars and blue ties.

"I wish they would come now," said Archy, "it is so tiresome waiting. I mean to go out by the gate."

"So do I," cried Wilfrid, running after his brother, but Louise and Mabel sat demurely down, one in each window, where they could watch the arrivals almost as well as the boys.

"Here they come! here they come!" cried Wilfrid from his post of observation, and in fact a shabby surrey came rattling up to the door out of which jumped a young girl, a little younger than Louise, looking very fresh and pretty.

Aunt Hester hastened to receive her, for Archy and Wilfrid had bashfully run away and the two girls felt almost as awkward as their brothers.

"Louise, my dear, this is Grace Sommers," said Aunt Hester, and Louise came forward and shook hands and then led her guest upstairs to take off her hat and coat. They were soon chatting merrily together and when they went downstairs again they found that the rest had all arrived and become acquainted. Edith Williams and Mabel were perfectly happy with the kitten and Wilfrid had so far overcome his shyness as to be helping Johnny build a church.

The entrance of the two elder girls was the signal for a general feeling of shyness. The two Miller boys, handsome, brown-eyed lads were fidgeting about the doorway and Archy looked perfectly desperate. Aunt Hester, however, now came to the rescue.

"It is a pity to waste such a beautiful afternoon indoors," said she, "I think you will find it more amusing out on the lawn or in the orchard."

The children, glad of an excuse, trooped merrily out and soon the shouts of laughter borne in by the breeze told Aunt Hester that they were enjoying themselves as only happy children can.

Meanwhile she took advantage of their absence to set the table. As there were so many, one table was not enough, so she had put two together, but when they were covered with a fresh white cloth, no one would have known it. She then went to the press in the parlor and took carefully down from the top shelf her best set of china, pink and white, and set it on the table. Then she opened the pantry and took out, one by one, the nice things until the table was covered and the pantry shelves empty again.

There were plates of bread and butter, buttered biscuits, a large pile of fresh cookies baked in all shapes, hearts, crosses, round and stars, a glass dish of floating island, another one of caramels, and plenty of pitchers of fresh milk and cream. Besides all this, by the side of each plate was a little apple turn-over, crisp and brown. Aunt Hester thought when she had

(Continued on page 34)

The Day After Christmas



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A Pretty Chemise Nightdress

The chemise nightdresses are great favorites because they can be made so much more attractive without the front opening to interrupt the scheme of decoration. Here is one of unique design which provides for the use of two different materials in the yoke. A plain embroidered material may form the shaped yoke band while the gusset-yoke may be of some finely tucked material or lace. The sleeves may be in bishop style or flowing and are of three-quarter length. A fine nainsook or lawn may be used for material and any amount of elaboration will be possible. For the medium size 5½ yards of 38-inch material are needed. No. 6733 is cut in sizes, 32, 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6733



Pattern No. 6707

A Surplice Dressing Sack

There is a charm of ease about this tea jacket which invites admiration from the lover of the beautiful. The lines are long and grace-giving while there is no over-elaboration to mar its simplicity. The jacket and skirt portions are laid in two deep plaits at either side of front and back while the trim belt girdles the waist. The sleeves are of elbow length and the neck becomingly low in a V. Embroidered challis, silk or crepe de chine would be prettily made up in this way. For the medium size 5½ yards 27 inches wide are needed. No. 6707 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Patterns No. 4733 and 4731

A Cap and Coat

Father is not the only one who needs a warm coat to keep out chilly air and protect the back from the whippers. The small boy who follows in his footsteps must have one too and the better material this is made of the longer it will last. The small coat shown is very simple in construction and designed especially for the mother who may wish to make it at home. Only two seams fit the garment and no artistic work is needed save a good pressing when the coat is complete. The pockets are convenient and make it look like Father's. A covert, chevrol or serge may serve as material. The cap is one of the popular Tam O' Shanter order and should be made of the serge cloth of medium weight and lined with paper cambric. For the medium size ½ yards of 20-inch material is needed for the cap and 1½ yards of 34-inch goods for the coat. Pattern No. 4733 is cut in sizes, 4, 6, and 8 years, and No. 4731 in sizes, 4 to 10 years.



Pattern No. 4010

A Small Empire Coat

No one need think that the fashions of the first Empire are not as becoming to the little maid as to her mother. It is unusual to find a style which is so universally becoming and the little coat shown is quite as becoming to the little girl as the same mode is to her mother. What could be more adorable than a demure little lady in this coat. The short Eton-part fits easily while the lower attached portion flares gracefully about the bottom. Velvet is very soft and rich in tiny coats for winter and the pretty collar and cuff facings of white broadcloth on this one, render it all the more charming by contrast. The coat closes in double-breasted manner with six large crystal buttons which also trim the cuff of the sleeve. Any reasonable coat fabric may be used in this design. For the medium size the pattern calls for 4 yards of 22-inch material. No. 4010 is cut in sizes, 2 to 10 years.



Patterns No. 4082 and 4083

A Charming Street Suit for a Maid

The loose box coat if well cut is exceedingly smart and nowhere appears to quite so good advantage as upon the slender Miss. The suit sketched is in a novelty serge with collar and cuffs of velvet. The sleeves are shown short but a general wear suit should have long ones and they are given in the pattern. The skirt is of new design, being a three-piece circular one and of unusual grace. It is excellent for thin silks and veils as well as suitings and a deep gathered flounce for trimming such is provided. The suit skirt may be stitched or trimmed with flat bands in folds of the material. For the medium size 3½ yards of 44-inch goods are needed for the skirt and 2 yards of 54-inch for the coat. Pattern No. 4082 is cut in sizes, 10 to 15 years, and No. 4083 in sizes 13 to 17 years.



Pattern No. 6741

A Shirt Waist Foundation or Lining

The shirt waist lining is quite indispensable to the woman who wears shirt waists for it fills a variety of needs. The Parisian woman is wearing slips of silk or some thin material beneath all of her lacy blouses and her American sister who strives to be up-to-date is doing the same. Furthermore, many wear thin blouses all the year through by adding the extra thickness of the foundation lining during the cold weather. The pattern may be closed in front or back as desired, and will be found an excellent one to own if one does any sewing for herself. For the medium size, 4 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6741 is cut in sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



Patterns No. 6738 and 6739

An Attractive Gown in Cashmere

Cashmere is quite as much in favor as it was a year ago and some very smart gowns are being made of it. The one sketched will appeal to the woman who makes her own gowns or has them made at home, because the lines are simple and yet there is an air of quality and dash about it that causes one to admire it. The tucks upon the shoulder, back and front provide extra fullness where it is needed and broaden the shoulder line. The tucker may be omitted if one prefers a gown of simpler design. The sleeves are decidedly different from the usual ones having the straight extensions on the inside and the shorter full puff with its fancy touches on the outside and back of the arm. The cuffs may be omitted for elbow length. The skirt is a new four-piece circular one with pleats at each seam stitched in slot-seam effect. In the centre of each gore there is a box pleat which provides extra fullness and grace for the skirt. These may be stitched to any desired depth. Any of the new seasonable fabrics may be used, the medium size demanding 7 yards of 44-inch material. Pattern No. 6738 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and No. 6739 in sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.



Pattern No. 6765

A Dressy Shirred Waist

A little more labor expended upon a waist for nice occasions is never wasted, for the pleasure in wearing a really beautiful garment is recompense enough. A strikingly pretty waist seen recently at a fashionable gathering is sketched for the benefit of the lover of beautiful clothes. The fabric of which it was made was silk voile beautified with threads of silk in another color. The shoulder edges and sleeves were gathered and shirred in such a manner as to not only bring out the charms of the material but those of the wearer also. A pointed tucker of lace gave the daintiest of finishes next the face while a note of contrast was touched by the trimming bands of darker velvet. The waist is one which might be fashioned by the amateur sewer at home and for that purpose is reproduced here. The sleeves of the pattern may be long if preferred. For the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 20-inch material is needed, the waist being adapted to silk, cashmere, velvet or chiffon. No. 6765 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

A Very Attractive Little Gown

A little gown which may be the height of fashion any season of the year is shown. It is developed in the wide flouncing with a narrow lace insertion and edging adorning the bertha collar. The pattern provides for the dress in high neck with deep square yoke and sleeves long or in short puff. The bertha is of very pretty shape and may be adorned in a variety of ways. The dress is one which may be made of a washable fabric, serge or pongee and without any difficulty to the least experienced. For the medium size 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 4065 is cut in sizes, 1 1/2 to 6 years.



Pattern No. 4065

French Garter Drawers

Very dainty women are more choice of their undergarments than of those worn outside and one of the latest fashions is for the short garter drawers. These are so short that they may be worn beneath the corset and garters and not interfere with the latter's fastening on the stocking. When once tried they are very much liked for they are not at all bulky or cumbersome and while fitting the hips perfectly, they end in full ruffles above the knees. Those sketched here may be short or long so as to please any one. In the medium size the drawers of garter length require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. No. 6764 is cut in sizes, 20, 24, 28 and 32 inches waist measure.



Pattern No. 6764

SPECIAL OFFER.

We will mail patterns shown in this issue, to any address for only 10 cents each or three for twenty-five cents. The regular retail prices range from 25 to 40 cents. The Patterns are all of the latest New York models and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. With each is given full descriptions and directions—quantity of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. Be sure to give sizes desired.

We can not furnish any of the patterns illustrated in Vick's Magazine previous to May number. VICK PUBLISHING CO., Dept. X, Dausville, N. Y.

Some Christmas Ideas for Wee Folks



Pattern No. 4008

Doll's Dress, Apron and Cape

There is no pleasure so real in the little maiden's early years as that derived from her doll motherhood. She does not take so real a joy in her own clothes as she does in arraying Miss Dolly in her various dresses. Here is a little French dress having a round yoke for this creature of porcelain and wax which consists of a bit of all-over lace and fine lawn. Some narrow insertion may adorn the lower edge and finish it daintily. Then, too, Dolly must have an apron as her small mother finds one so necessary and the one-piece model shown is the simplest style in this garment and yet extremely attractive. The cloak is on the Red Riding Hood style and so very easy to make and for tiny fingers to put on and off. Serge or any soft wool may be used. For a doll from 12 to 30 inches in length the coat needs 1 to 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and the dress from 1/2 to 1 1/2 yards.



Pattern No. 4137

A Teddy Bear and Rag Doll

It is indeed a wonderful toy which delights grown-ups as well as little folks but such is the much adored Teddy bear. Even the doll which has held first place in the little girl's affections since the oldest can remember, has been outdone by the almost human personality of the Teddy bear. In spite of its great popularity, the prices for this toy are very high and many a child has longed in vain for this very lovable creature because the family purse could not afford the four or five dollars needed. For this reason, we have made patterns for the Teddy bear and the rag doll which seem to be the most cherished individuals in toyland. The former is to be made of bear skin cloth and full directions are given for its making. The paws and legs are joined to the body by means of cardboard discs fastened with strong rubber cord so that these members may be moved about like the real bear's. Two large shoe buttons serve for eyes and kid covers the insides of the paws and soles of the feet.

The doll is to be made of muslin and her dress should be sewed on so that Miss Toodles cannot tear it off. For the bear 1 1/2 inches long, 1/2 yards of bear skin cloth 44 inches wide is needed and a piece of kid 6 1/2 inches. For the same size doll 1/2 yards of 36-inch material is required. No. 4137 is cut in sizes, 14 and 18 inches.

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Frocks For The Yuletide

By Martha Dean



DECEMBER always seems to be the children's month for the coming of old Santa means so much of happiness to the youthful fancy that the weeks before and after are set in a labyrinth of joy. It has become a custom to give the little folks pretty frocks and other articles of wearing apparel at Christmas and so we are offering a few suggestions as to what might prove practical and pleasing. A dainty shirt waist might please the girl who is in the midst of her school days and 4090 is one designed especially for pretty elaboration in the way of tucks, lace inserts or a bit of hand embroidery.



No. 4090

The model is very simple to make, having a square yoke to which the body portion is easily gathered. For a dressy waist, the sleeves may end at the elbow and the neck be in round outline. For such a waist, mouselline de soie, cashmere, a washablesilk, pongee or an embroidered Swiss made over a China silk lining in color or white might prove attractive. The pattern may serve for a variety of uses and comes in sizes from 2 to 16 years, the medium size calling for 1½ yards of 36-inch goods.

A very fetching gown for a Miss from 13 to 17 years is sketched in 4097-4098, built on shirt waist lines and of cashmere in darkest red. There is a simple grace about the dress which appeals to the artistic as well as the practical minded and its realization is even more pleasing on girlish figures than the sketch would show. The blouse closes in back between rows of narrow tucks while similar tucks appear in front at the shoulder.

The tucker which introduces a becoming bit of lace or embroidery near the face may be omitted if a plainer frock be desired. The sleeves might be completed at the elbow, but for general use they are better long. The skirt needs no words of commendation with its tucks in groups of three. Those around the bottom assist the flare of the skirt and prove a nice finish. Serge, henrietta, cashmere, pongee or a silk might serve for the gown which requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for the medium size.

A small coat which would be most practical and smart is pictured in 4100. Nearly all of the new coats for little girls are long, and rightly so, for with the short French dresses and the mode for wearing washable frocks all winter, real warmth is necessary in the outer wraps.

The coat shown closes in double-breasted fashion, its double row of buttons giving a sturdy appearance to the whole. A tuck at either side of the front and back lends extra fullness to the lower part so that dainty frocks worn beneath may not be crushed. Cheviot, serge, homespun, broadcloth or velvet might be used for the coat which requires 1¾ yards 54 inches wide in the medium size. The pattern 4100 comes in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

A pretty little gown which might serve for every-day or Sunday "best" is shown in 4107. The waist and skirt are both

box plaited and joined by a narrow waistband. The tucks and reverses as well as the cuffs may be of a contrasting color or be attractively trimmed with a narrow braid. For a school dress, any of the soft worsteds or cloths might be used for the "nice" dress. The sleeve caps are much liked by many and may be used or not as desired. The pattern for this dress is in sizes 6 to 14 years the medium size calling for 4½ yards of 44-inch goods.

As to frocks for grown-ups, there are some pleasing suggestions among the newer models. A charming waist for dressy wear is shown in 6781 which is not so difficult to fashion as one might think. The soft silk is shirred across the front and along the sleeve seam. The new fabrics are all so soft that they shirr beautifully and many a woman will find this a pleasing of fashioning. The yoke may be replaced by a tucker which is removable while the sleeves may be long or short as shown. The yoke-band is of velvet and embroidered with black dots. For the medium size the pattern requires 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide. The pattern comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

An attractive shirt waist costume is 6773-6774 which will perhaps prove a happy suggestion to the home sewer. The shirt waist has a seam in the centre of the back which is very smart when the material used is a stripe or check and cut on the bias. Whether this shall be cut bias or straight remains with the owner to decide. The sleeve may be long or shorter, the latter being finished with an unusually pretty cuff. The skirt is one of the new seven-gored models in walking length. The trimming bands need not be used unless desired but they assist the flare of the skirt and prove a smart adornment. The costume is one easily made and suited to development in any of the light weight worsteds or mohair. For the medium size 7¾ yards of 44-inch material are needed. The pattern 6773, comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt, 6774, sizes 20 to 32 inches waist.

The coat suit expresses the highest form of the fashion designer's art and here is a new model which is especially trig and becoming. The natty little coat closes in double-breasted fashion being fitted only in back. The neck edge is finished with a Tuxedo collar facing of velvet according to the latest fashion. The skirt is a thirteen-gored one, plaited at the centre-front and back so as to afford a becoming fullness at the hem. Any of the seasonable materials might serve for the suit, cheviot, serge and broadcloth being suggested. The patterns are easily put together so that even the amateur may attempt it. For the medium size 7¾ yards 54 inches wide are needed. The pattern 6769 comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt, 6770, in

skirt, 6774, sizes 20 to 32 inches waist.

The pattern 6773, comes in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt, 6774, sizes 20 to 32 inches waist.

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sizes 20 to 34 inches waist.

Many a half worn garment needs only new sleeves to render it up-to-date and serviceable for a good deal of wear. Sleeves are a feature of vast importance in the style of a dress or coat and yet they are simply made. The sleeves shown in 6785 are muttonleg in style and of long or elbow length.

The long sleeves may be finished with or without the cuff while the shorter one may have its cuff trimmed with braid if desired. These sleeves are suitable for coats, dresses or waists and may be developed in any seasonable material. The medium size calls for ¾ yard of 54-inch goods for either sleeve. The pattern, 6785, comes in sizes small, medium and large—for misses and ladies.

In spite of the new fussed-up corset covers many cling to the plain tight-fitting garment which makes the bodies fit so well and requires so little time to make and launder. Such a one is sketched in 6779-6780 and for the benefit of the home sewer, the shield sleeves as well as the long sleeves are given. The neck may be finished in any outline and be as much or as little trimmed as desired. The short petticoat is one of excellent shaping and well liked. The perfectly fitting yoke may be used or not while the flounce may be tucked or gathered. For medium size the corset cover requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and the petticoat, 2¾ yards. The pattern 6779 comes in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure and the skirt 6780 in 20 to 34 inches waist measure.

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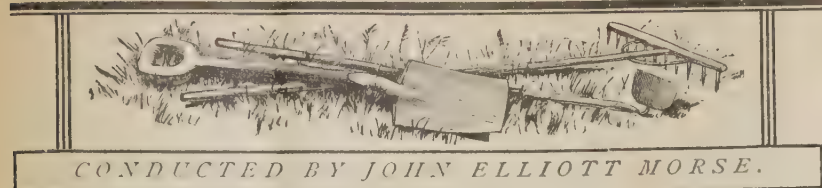
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CAMERA OUTFIT

IN THE GARDEN



CONDUCTED BY JOHN ELLIOTT MORSE.

December's Tribute

A tyrant we call him, and the hillsides once clad in verdure now lie bleak and barren under his frosty tread; and the forests once gorgeous are stripped of their tints by his icy breath. Just now it is opportune that we pause a little in retrospection and note the successes and failures, the victories and the defeats of the year so nearly closed. If the "downs" have been more than the "ups," if defeats have outnumbered victories let us not stop to mourn over the past, but the rather, linger only to study the causes to see if per chance we may not discover in our seeming failures real blessings in disguise. So it is good to review the past, separating the good from the bad that we may gather strength and help therefrom for the future. But we have digressed a little as we started to speak of December's tribute, or rather, its contribution to the inner-man necessities. If we look for the good things of December's bringing we shall find them in the minus quantity for the gardens are barren now and the waste places are everywhere visible. But let us see:—We cannot endure the ceaseless grind of toil; but must have rest, sleep to recuperate and repair the wastes of the body.

So Nature as applied to plant life and growth must sleep for a while and old Father Time is working out important changes through the frosts of December as well as in the balmy, summer days of May. So while these changes are being wrought we may not be idle with our brains and, sometimes too, our hands may find something to do. And this brings us to the looking ahead for the awakening of spring and the task of

Saving Seed

During the growing season many have stored up more or less seeds for next season's use, which is always a good thing to do. But now that we have them, their proper care during the winter will have much to do with their vitality. Good seed has much to do with the success of the garden for without that our work will be disappointing however favorable other conditions may be.

When thoroughly dry store in heavy paper sacks, tin boxes, glass cans or anything that will insure freedom from moisture. Some seeds as peas, beans, etc. are liable to be infested with worms or bugs, and should be fumigated. Place them in an air-tight box either in bulk or dishes, as many kinds as you like, only so that they do not get mixed, pour a tablespoonful of carbon bi-sulphide into an earthen dish and set in the box, close the cover tightly and let it remain there for a few hours and there will be no farther trouble. Large or small amounts may be thus treated and they will not be injured for table use if thoroughly aired after treatment. The fumes will go entirely through a large bin of grain but of course will require more of the carbon bi-sulphide. This may be procured of any druggist in one-pound cans at about twenty-five cents and if closely sealed may be kept for any length of time.

In using it care must be taken to avoid inhaling the fumes as they are deadly; it must also be kept entirely away from fire as it is inflammable. By the way, bed and carpet bugs may be thoroughly exterminated by this remedy.

Another point to be kept in mind is the duration of seed vitality, as heavy losses often occur by planting seeds that have outlived their usefulness. Some seeds retain their vitality for years and even grow better with age while others are entirely unsafe to plant after one year or two at most. Lettuce seeds are

not usually counted safe after one year old; but with careful storing is fairly dependable the second year. Onion and leek seed are entirely unsafe after one year old. Cabbage, kale, cauliflower, radish, tomato, spinach, turnip, asparagus, broccoli, beans and peas are all safe for four or five years. But, pumpkin, cucumber and melon seeds are good for ten years, and of these latter some growers prefer the real old seed to the new. Reference to this table will be of use as many really good seeds might be wasted thinking they were too old. We believe parsnip seed is better at one year than older and would not care to risk it after the second year.

Setting Our House in Order

Along these lines, anything that will further and lighten the work of early spring is so much gained if attended to now; and withal there are some duties that cannot well be left over for spring. One of these present essentials is procuring hot bed soil, which if neglected will cause much extra labor and loss of time, and just when the grower of early vegetables cannot afford the loss of a single day in getting the early plants started.

If not already secured, get the soil now: before the ground is frozen too hard. The freezing, of course, does not injure it; but rather is beneficial; but pile it in some place where it will be partially protected. When handling it over mix say, a quart of air-slacked lime to the bushel of soil. This will correct the acidity and is also useful in destroying fungus growths as well as worms or other destructive insects. Cover with litter for partial protection and when required, it will be easily accessible and the beds can be started even when the outside world is snow covered and frozen rock hard.

Another item in this connection: Cover the ground which the hot beds will occupy when in use, especially those that are to be started early. Cover with straw, stalks or other litter and all the better, if covered deep enough to entirely prevent freezing. It is a slow unprofitable job to thaw ground a foot or two in depth when the heat thus required ought to be utilized in pushing the early plants.

Then too some of the garden tools are perhaps lying around in just the same condition, or perhaps worse, that they were last used. The rusted blades are growing rustier from day to day and by spring when they are needed for use their value will be much less than now. Hunt them up, clean off the dirt and soak them for a few hours in sour milk, then wipe clean with a woolen rag and grease them with fresh grease of any kind, oil or axle grease, and they will remain in good condition until required for use.

Rotation

In the home as well as the market garden, crop rotation should be followed to the greatest possible extent. Vine crops should not succeed themselves nor any other sort. Deep growing root crops as parsnips, carrots, beets, etc., should occupy new ground each year, and their places should be used for corn, peas, beans and other crops of like nature.

The character of vegetables and their demands upon the soil are subjects worthy of careful study and we cannot hope to attain to highest results until something of these matters is understood. To a great extent this is also true of fertilizers. Heavy and long continued applications of one kind of fertilizer alone will certainly bring about disastrous results. For instance, stable manure universally acknowledged to be the best all around fertilizer will by heavy applica-



FARM JOURNAL

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is a high art calendar for the year 1907, showing a family group of President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children. It contains no advertising matter whatever, but it is a beautiful and artistic production, such as anyone will be glad to hang in parlor, sittingroom or office, and preserve forever as a historic souvenir. Or it will make a valued, attractive Christmas gift for some relative or friend.

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[Note—We have used the "Eight tools in one" outfit and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—Ed.]

tions year in and year out, bring about soil conditions that fail to respond quickly or adequately to its further use. So if the past has been a strict adherence to one kind of fertilizer change it and the sooner the better.

We would by no means discontinue the stable manure; but supplement it with lime, ashes or some good brand of commercial fertilizers. If the latter have predominated to the exclusion of the stable manure, then procure that at any price, or resort to litter, green manure or something of that nature that will supply humus for this we must have for best results.

By the way of reminder it is not yet too late in most localities at least to spade up or plow some ground ready for early spring planting. Lettuce, onions and the hardy smooth varieties of peas with some other sorts of vegetables will germinate at a temperature but little above freezing. So if the ground is prepared this fall they may be sown in spring as soon as the frost is out sufficiently deep to work the surface. Considerable freezing even after they are sown will not injure them; but if we wait until spring to plow the ground we shall be many days behind what the fall preparation would give us. So a little time now will advance these first early vegetables, it may be for weeks.

More About Winter Rhubarb

Last month we briefly outlined the work of getting a start in growing rhubarb for the winter market; many little details essential to success must now be considered.

In the first place do not imagine that growth will start, or that a satisfactory crop will mature if there is insufficient heat; too low a temperature will start growth perhaps, but the stalks will be small and worthless. With strong vigorous roots, and proper temperature a crop should be ready for market in from three to five weeks. Of course the earlier the variety, the sooner it matures. "Victoria" is a favorite with most growers, although it is rather slower to mature than other varieties; its large stalks, fine color and length of season more than compensating for the extra time required to grow the crop.

Thinning Out

If by any means, a small weak growth of stalks appear it is best to thin them out and apply liquid cow-manure liberally to the bed and increase the heat, this usually puts an end to the small stalks.

"Ready to Harvest" shows the same cellar as was illustrated in November issue of Vick's Magazine. This picture was taken three weeks from date of starting heat in the cellar, and the crop is ready for the first picking. Note the thick growth of stalks and the small leaf-growth; many of the leaves hardly unfold at all, but resemble a soft crumpled cone of richest gold color; this, with the beautiful rose pink of the stalks makes the product exceedingly handsome and when displayed on fruit stands in commission house or market it never fails to catch the eye of the buyer and we might add, it usually catches his coin too, for very few resist the temptation to buy.

Preparing for Market

The stalks are ready to pick when from twelve to fourteen inches in length and are usually picked at that length when sold by the dozen; but if to be sold by the pound they are left to attain greater length. Care must be exercised in picking, or much waste will result from stalks breaking off at half length, or just above the ground. Take hold of the stalk well down to the ground, allowing the index finger to rest flat against the inner or flat side of the stalk push the finger downward between the stalk and clump, to where they unite, giving an upward pull with the same motion and the stalk will come off two or three inches below the surface of the ground, and with the hull adhering to the end of stalk.

These hulls should be pulled from the stalks, after which they are wiped with a cloth to remove any dirt or filth adhering to them. In bunching, average up the stalks as much as possible so that each bunch will weigh about the same. The

stalks are tied around the butts with bunching twine, three in a bunch, or sometimes four or five if the stalks are small. Twelve bunches are put in a bundle, and tied at both tops and butts. These bundles are called "dozens," but really contain thirty-six or more stalks. The bundles are put up this way for convenience in handling in the retail trade, the grocers opening up the bundles and selling out by the small bunch.

"Grown in Hot-bed for the Christmas Market" gives a very good idea of the excellence of the product obtained from vigorous roots, properly handled. No heat, other than that obtained from the thick layer of horse-manure which covered the beds was required to grow the fine stalks exhibited, many of them over twenty-four inches in length and from three to four inches in circumference. Bundles of this size sell readily at one dollar or more in different markets.

The small grower will do well to secure a home market as much as possible and avoid shipping expenses which are of necessity high as the crop must be sent by express, and requires careful wrapping to guard against freezing.

Number of Pickings

From three to five pickings are usually gathered; after which the roots should be removed to some sheltered place and left to freeze, while a fresh supply of roots are placed in the forcing beds. These old roots may be divided to about three or four eyes in the spring and planted in the field to receive cultivation for a couple of seasons, after which they are again ready for winter forcing. The roots which are forced in hot beds are practically, worthless as they are put in the beds before freezing and their vitality is exhausted by the strong heat to which they are subjected.

American Breeder's Association

The American Breeders' Association will hold its regular winter meeting at Columbus, Ohio, January 15—18, 1907.

The daily sessions are scheduled to take place at the University and Board of Trade buildings through the hospitality of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, the State University and the Ohio agricultural and plant and animal breeding societies. The American Breeders' Association has organized over forty committees composed of the leading workers and investigators in the fields delegated to them. The reports of these committees will be a prominent feature of the program at Columbus. Able speakers and those who have done things in breeding animals and plants will also make the meetings attractive and a large attendance from all parts of America is assured.

The association has issued two reports, Volumes I and II, which are sent post-paid to all members. Annual membership in North America is \$1.00; foreign, \$2.00; and life membership is \$20.00. For associations and institutions life membership is limited to twenty-five years. There are now a thousand annual members and forty-two life members.

What He Wanted

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a broiled elephant."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "are you not going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for elephants, sir." Elephants on toast, sir, are five thousand dollars and ten cents. If you take it without toast, sir, it is only five thousand dollars, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.

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"CHRIS"

By Ella Leaman

IF I WERE a fairy instead of a cat I would change all bad boys and girls who teased cats, into kittens for a while. Then perhaps they would sympathize with cats that are thrown on dogs, have old traps tied to their tails, or have their tails pinched, or are dressed to look like monkeys. I have not been as badly treated as some cats I heard of. Only on several occasions have I been abused by boys and then my mistress was away.

I was brought to my present home in a covered basket two summers ago. After my arrival here I was named "Christopher Columbus" by my new mistress. Some of the members of the family objected to my name, they said it was not a suitable one for a cat, I should be named "Maltie," "Tom," or "Dick." But finally my name was shortened to "Chris." At first I did not like the name myself.

One evening later I was dozing on the cupboard when I heard my full name mentioned, Christopher Columbus! I looked up and saw one of the boys sitting at the table studying history and from his talk I found out whom I was named after, a great discoverer.

The days went swiftly by and I was happy. At the close of one peaceful summer day another pet was brought home, and my good times were over for many a day. The new pet was a little white dog. He was named "Tip." And it was not long until I found out that he did not like cats. He would chase me from one room to another, and in and out through the hall, and bark at me, and bite me too.

One day after being all tired out by him, I jumped on the cupboard and was delighted to find myself beyond his reach. He ran up and down before my place of refuge and barked. After that day I always jumped on the cupboard and looked down on him with contempt. I did not often go any distance from home. There is a big dog the second door above us whom I get away from by climbing the peach tree.

Below our house is another dog whose name is "Sport." I am going to gossip

now about "Tip." He began to run away from home, and would stay sometimes a day or longer. One night he came barking at the front door after midnight, and one of the family had to go down stairs and let him in. He kept going from home until late in the Fall. When one morning he came back sick, and died in a few days. I did not cry, or even feel sorry for him.

One day before Tip died I was watching for mice in the kitchen when a boy took me up by my fur, as if I were a shopping satchel, and threw me right on Tip's back. I was so badly frightened that I tried to run up the window. The rude boy laughed because he said my hair stood straight up on my back.

Once I was dressed in a doll baby's bright dress and red hood, with a ribbon bow under my chin. It was done for the amusement of a little girl who was visiting here. They all laughed, and said I looked like a monkey. I was the only one that had any manners and did not laugh, but sat in an upright position in one place, I felt so ashamed. My mistress happened to come in and was very much displeased. She snatched me up, took me in the other room, and took the dress and cap off of me and gave me a large saucer of milk. She told the person that dressed me, that it was cruel to treat dumb animals that way.

One evening she left her best hat on a chair and I took a nap on the crown of it. She saw me, and what do you think she did? Do you think I was given a hard slap? No indeed! I was taken right up in her arms, and she said: "Chris did not know better."

I often wish I could tell her how I love her, I can only show my love in a quiet way. Sometimes when I am on the cupboard and mistress is close by me I take my paw and pull her arm gently to me and give it a tiny bite. Many times when I meow for something to eat she will go for milk for me if it is nearly time for school. I often wish all cats had as kind a mistress as I have. I am a large cat now and having dropped my kittenish airs I would not object to being called by my full name, Christopher Columbus.



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CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "A little Mennen in price perhaps than a dozen ointments, but a reason for it." Disinfects after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 50c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Company, - Newark, N. J.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind, colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Goitre Cure

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Our MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage describes the goitre and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years' success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

PHYSICIANS REMEDY COMPANY, 32 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrow of women. He has proved that all pain at child birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 116 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure yourself. Do not delay but write today.

DON'T MARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of **Flashlights on Human Nature**, on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage 10 cts. **MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th Street, New York**

DAINTY GIFT FOR BABY

The "cutest" pair of little Moccasins you ever saw. Made in white and colors, prettily trimmed. Tell us Baby's age and we will send you a pretty pair for only 20c. **CROWN MFG. CO., BALLSTON SPA, N. Y. Dept. F.**

MOTHERS don't whip your **CHILDREN** because of their weak **KIDNEYS** or bladder. I can cure them to stay cured. **F. W. TOSKIN, M.D. SAMPLE FREE** Box V, 12, Edwardsburg, Mich.

Send 25 Cents

in silver for these High Art Rose Gold Pins and we will send you **FREE** one Eyelet Embroidery Collar and Cuffs, one magnificent Centerpiece, three beautiful Doilies and a Cushion Top just to introduce our goods.

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I Pay \$25 for the rare half dollars of 1853 and \$5 for the quarters, \$40 for the Stellas of 1873, \$30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and \$50 for the three dollars of 1875, \$25 for dimes 1894 m. m. s. \$1 to \$250 each for the Territorial coins 1849

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to 1871, and from \$11.50 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular. It may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 13 years at the present location.

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FREE GOLD WATCH WITH CHAIN AND RING

An American Movement Watch, good time keeper, **Fine Gold Plated**, thin model. Duplex lever escapement, ruby jeweled balance. Fine tempered hair spring adjustment. Stem wind and set. In appearance it looks like a watch warranted for **25 years**. Ring set with three stones, a beauty. All given **FREE** for selling 22 of our jewelry novelties at 10c. Send your name and address for jewelry. When sold send us \$2.50, and we send the watch, ring and chain.

CROWN SUPPLY CO. GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS. Dept. A24



All questions relating to this department should be addressed to Mrs. Wellman in care of Vick's Magazine. In letters requiring a personal answer enclose a stamp for reply.

Empty Stockings

O mothers in homes that are happy, Where Christmas comes laden with cheer, Where the children are dreaming already Of the merriest day in the year. As you gather your darlings around you And tell them the "story of old," Remember the homes that are dreary: Remember the hearts that are cold.

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty Where Christmas is naught but a name, And give—for the love of the Christ-child, 'Twas to seek such as these that He came. —Selected.

Pro and Con of Infant's Bands

That any modern woman, in these days of literature full of good advice, should retain any old-time ideas of the band as an instrument of torture—for such it easily becomes where fabric, method of applying or shape are incorrect—seems strange to those who, eager to learn and improve "for Baby's sake," grasp every worthy suggestion, test it faithfully and adopt all worthy confidence with results of great good to their families.

Just as many "plodders" are found in the cities as in the country, for native

stupidity causes this form of "conservatism." Babies thrive like little animals if given two things: letting alone in non-essentials, and provision of suitable clothing, food, baths and exercise.

The baby's needs in any form of band is, soft firmness, warmth, non-irritating fabric, simple shape and ease in adjustment in cases of colic or flatulence, a happy medium in tightness being necessary for Baby's first needs, or until the "cord" has dried and fallen and all danger of pouched or protruded navel has ceased.

Never adjust even the first Bands too tightly and during the daytime it is wise to loosen it a while, rubbing the little body very gently with olive oil or your warm hands.

The first bands should not be of muslin or any unyielding cloth. It must not be on ornamental lines, so if you use "silk-flannel" or any very fine, non-prickly flannel, leave it unhemmed, simply cut in straight lengths. If you use the "Arnold" band, as it is so yielding yet firm, it may be just right for first two months. After this decide, by season, climate and Baby's vigor, whether you will continue to use bands any longer since their use now becomes not support but warmth over bowels, and knit bands are wisest, particularly with straps over shoulders. For my own



Motherhood

(Painted by Hans Memling, an early Flemish painter who was born in 1440 and died 1491)

ECZEMA Cured

50 Cent Box Free to Any One—No Money Required.

We want you to try at our expense the new external-absorbable skin cure, Zema-Salva, which has made so many wonderful cures of acute and chronic skin diseases. We know what it can do and are, therefore, willing to stand all the cost. We could not do this if our remedy did not cure. Remember, you try it free—not one cent in advance. If helped we expect 50 cents.



Zema-Salva is in the nature of an ointment and is externally applied. It is a positive cure for Eczema and skin diseases of all kinds. It works somewhat on the principle of a poultice, drawing out all the poisonous matter.

It heals from the inside, cleansing out the sore in stead of healing over the sore and keeping the poison scattered in the system.

Hundreds of cures testify to all we claim. Test us and send for a box of Zema-Salva to-day to the Kirby Chemical Co., 3212 Kirby Block, Grand Haven, Mich. If helped send 50 cents, if not, we require you only to write and say so.

A WOMAN to be Beautiful must have a good complexion. THE WISEST MAN

May be wiser to-day than he was yesterday and wiser to-morrow than he is today. Send your name, sex and date of birth. Horoscopes absolutely free for a short time to each purchaser of the Handy Handkerchief, a medicated cloth that preserves and beautifies the complexion, frees the face of blackheads, pimples or wrinkles and produces a healthy transparent, velvety baby skin—sample 10c.

DEPT. G AMERICAN EAGLE SPECIALTY COMPANY 2402 Creston Ave., Bronx, New York

ONE MINUTE LIQUID TOOTH KLENZ

Instantly Removes Discolorations: makes the teeth white and smooth without injuring the enamel.

35c per Bottle

(stamps or silver) with valuable receipt for dent. price and directions for care of teeth.

C. & N. SUPPLY CO., 16 Maple Street Providence, R. I.

DEAFNESS CURED

FREE 128 PAGE BOOK TELLS HOW

SIGHT RESTORED AT HOME

My free book tells how Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Weak or Sore Eyes, and other Eye diseases; how Deafness, Headnoises and Catarrh can be cured at home with little expense. Write for this free book today and learn about my new method. Address—

DR. W. O. COFFEE, 999 Century Bldg. Des Moines, Ia.

I WILL PAY YOU

for mailing your letter if you will write me to-day (enclosing this advertisement) for a trial treatment of my incomparable remedy for **KIDNEY, BLADDER and URIC ACID DISEASES**. I believe the Trial will do you more good than all the medicine you have heretofore taken, and I want to prove it without cost. Remember, I send a 2-cent stamp and Trial Treatment absolutely **FREE** by mail, and without attaching any conditions. Fifteen years of success back of this offer.

Address **Dr. D. A. Williams, 395 Post Office Block, East Hampton, Conn.**

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Send 10c for full value in handsome samples and catalog listing over 5000 best subjects (singly, not in sets) Lowest prices. Full line of Albums.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

Hair on Face, Neck and Arms

PERMANENTLY REMOVED BY Dr. Stryker's Magic Powder

Will not injure the most delicate skin. Leaves the surface smooth as velvet. Easily applied. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Samples 25c. Agents wanted.

Dr. V. STRYKER, 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 614, New York City

brood I have used both methods; but having lately seen a sample band made by a mother of several children who were tormented while using it, I feel Dame Experience does not open some eyes and ears. My warning is based on the fact that a neighbor's child has an abscess under its arm from a tight unyielding band, and had always cried and fretted until the doctor, discovering the cause, sternly bade the unconsciously cruel though loving mother to abandon such bands.

- Give to your enemy forgiveness.
- Give to your opponent tolerance.
- Give to your friends your heart.
- Give to your child a good example.
- Give to your parents deference.
- Give to everybody sunshine.

Sensible Gifts for Mothers and Babies

"How absurd!" the tired mother exclaimed as she opened a gaily decorated box to be amazed by a most costly pair of solid silver round garters embellished with dainty ribbon. "I can't be grateful—I never wear any round garters as John knows, and, just see, I have no shoes left and must stop going to church even!" Then she ran over a list of other inconsistent "white elephants" given in bygone days, always in face of the too evident facts as to the needs of herself or children, ending in a passion:—

"And, oh, why must I never have Christmas money so I can give. I have so many little babies that I cannot earn money in any way and I just dread what was once a happy season to me."

Try to think only of the receiver when giving gifts. Infinite tact can never be more wisely employed; for you may easily put a sting of pity or patronage into a very helpful gift and the acceptance will create a heavy, not a happy heart.

Let us run over a list of gifts which might well prove sources of daily cheer. True to my belief in a rounded life we will not plan merely material gifts, things of great beauty, or objects to envy. I call my readers attention to Vick's Magazine offers in books first. Some years ago when several of my flock were in the formative period where brains seek hungrily for ideas, good or bad, I secured a lot of books from this same source. Perhaps you do not realize that these books at such prices would be a tempting investment. The greatest feature is, as I realized, that I had given my young children good brain food at a very low price.

In magazine giving one is always sure to please if tact and thought are used in the selection. I have asked the publishers of American Motherhood to send sample copies to over 1000 names of the mothers, young or expectant, on my list. A better counselor never visited a home each month full of that solid sense and loving sympathy characteristic of "Dr. Mary" Wood-Allen whose admiring friend I am. By all means give such help to as many mothers as your purse allows. It is truly Home Mission work.

Perhaps the mother must rise every night and get thoroughly chilled preparing Baby's bottle or attending a case of croup. This is a menace to health and easily avoided if some loving friend sends a pair of those dainty, lightest Olmstead knit slippers or a cozy, warm dressing gown.

Another aid sure of grateful appreciation is the Glogan gas stove, a small helpful means of speedy heating of bottle food or in case of sudden illness. A newer device is the "Bottle Hot" which keeps bottles exactly right. And right here, as I find ordinary druggists do not carry Food Thermometers and these are to my mind by the accurate test of Dame Experience absolutely essential to careful feeding of bottle babies, write to the great thermometer firm, (Tylors), and secure one. Also, do not "guess" at heat of hot baths—or cold ones. Bath thermometers insure good results and are very cheap. (One child, given a hasty hot bath for croup died of convulsions because of the terrible heat used by the excited parents.)

If you can do Pokerwork send a chest to hold Baby clothes. You can order it stumped with Baby's name, birthday flower and a motto, and you can color the floral decorations. It will cost one additional dollar for a useful tray divided into compartments for the small articles

used by King Baby. But if you are one who believes in careful investments whether first costs are greater or not, give solid sensible furnishings which make most worthy heirlooms, handed down a family for generations. Nothing could be better than a grand red cedar chest given where a daughter is born. I am enthusiastic over the lovely old custom, still alive in some countries, of giving a Dowry or Marriage Chest to a tiny daughter, teaching her small fingers to shape pieces of sewing or hem homely towels but yearly laying in the scented recesses some of her own work. The holy sentiment possible to thus create is the chief charm, but nothing imitates or rivals true red cedar chests and luckily I have discovered the one firm, so far as I can learn, which manufactures that old-timely sort we all love. Red cedar you know will insure any silk, woolen or

other article against ravages of the hardest moths or bugs. (I am rich in daughters and in proof of my delight with these splendid chests am determined to give each daughter a Dowry Chest and with my own hands lay in a gift piece "made by mother.")

As you perceive I do not believe in "white elephants" in any giving of gifts and less so in Christmas giving when Love should control the thought and a gift should possess not merely beauty but fill some need, and in homely gifts the beauty should be the usefulness. Therefore I rejoice to inform you that I sent for a sample of "Presto" last winter for a test as I saw in it the solution of one problem of the country and village woman who finds it hard to take Baby out daily because the wheels of go-cart or carriage, cannot easily be used in snowy weather. Some inventive genius

rose to this need and Presto, an attachment of sled nature nobly fills a need which I, like most women, have often felt could only be met by a separate sled, always hard to store between seasons. The Kalamazoo Sled Co. has cause to expect a great future for this excellent help.

For the mother of a creeping baby in winter when cold draughty floors cause colds, or for the weakly or crippled child a merciful deed would be one of several good makes of "Baby Tenders." I used one for five of my children and loaned it to several mothers. Better than a nursemaid and a safe form of exercise. Saves washing baby clothes to a remarkable extent.

Perhaps nothing could help all mothers more than one of the good as gold man-gles now on the market. I pity the


(Continued on page 31)

RHEUMATISM CURED

Without Medicine

Great New External Cure Found for Rheumatism of Every Kind. No Medicine, No Pills, No Tablets, Absolutely Nothing but the External Application, Which is So Sure to Cure That the Makers Send It FREE ON APPROVAL to Anybody and Wait for Their Pay Until the Work is Done. You

TRY IT FREE — PAY WHEN SATISFIED

Just write us like this  or cut this out and mail to us with your name and address.

Magic Foot Draft Co., 1267 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.
Gentlemen:—Send me a Dollar pair of Magic Foot Drafts FREE TO TRY, as advertised in Vick's Magazine.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring you a pair of the celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for rheumatism of every kind, both chronic and acute, no matter where located or how severe.



They are worn over the tender skin which contains the great foot pores (among the largest in the body) and cover very important nerve centers.

Our Free Book sent with the drafts describes the scientific principles upon which this great treatment is based. This book explains the different kinds of rheumatism with their direct and indirect causes, which all should avoid. The book is fully illustrated in three colors so that anyone can understand the relation of the skin pores and the nerves to nature's plan for ridding the system of pain-causing and disease-producing impurities.

Our Great Offer Write us today. You will get the Drafts right back, free and pre-paid, to try. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, after giving them a thorough trial, then send us One Dollar. If not satisfied we take your simple say so, and we do not and shall not ask you to pay a single penny for the Drafts we sent you. You are the one to decide. You can see that we couldn't afford to make this remarkable offer if the Drafts didn't cure almost everybody who tries them. If you have rheumatism can you afford to neglect such an offer?

Read These Remarkable Statements

J. Wesley Bennett, Indianapolis, Ind. Suffered with hereditary rheumatism for past 25 years. Brother died with it. Had to be assisted to and from street car. Cured by the drafts two years ago. No return of disease.
Miss C. Tena Segoin, 5 Easterly Place, Auburn, N. Y. Suffered with rheumatism for past ten years to such an extent that she had to use a crutch during that time. Cured two years ago. No return of disease.
A. L. McCandless, Bellevue, Ohio. Conductor on N. Y. & St. L. R. R. Unable to take charge of his train, states: "I have never taken any medicine that did me so much good." Cured with one pair two years ago. Has not felt a return of rheumatism since wearing drafts.
And E. Gregg, Sherman, N. Y., states: "I found the Magic Foot Drafts to be the one remedy that ever benefited me speedily and permanently." Suffered with rheumatism of ten years' standing. Joints of fingers enlarged, stiff and painful. Knees and feet in bad shape. Walked with difficulty. Cured by the drafts two years ago. No return of rheumatic symptoms since wearing drafts.
W. H. Howard, Halsted, Pa., R. F. D. Suffered with rheumatism for

twenty-five years. Brother thirty years. Both cured with Magic Foot Drafts. Is able to plow at the age of 76. Previous to using drafts could not walk straight.

J. Pretty, Dawn Valley, Ont., Can. Tried everything he could hear of for seven years without even temporary relief. Cured three years ago.

A. Meola, Zanesville, Ohio. "After having spent four weeks at Mt. Clemens, Mich., which cost me over \$150.00, I consider it as time lost to what Magic Foot Drafts did for me."

G. W. Johnson, Ridgeway, Ohio. Suffered with rheumatism for three years. Wife suffered with rheumatism for eighteen years. Both cured.


James M. Stevenson, 656 Pearl St., Denver, Colo. Cured of Sciatic Rheumatism. Suffered with same six months. Dressed with difficulty.

W. G. Bogguss, 326 W. 61st St., Chicago. Took treatment from six different physicians and spent six weeks at Mt. Clemens, Mich., for rheumatism without avail. Cured by Magic Foot Drafts.

Magic Foot Drafts are curing cases of 30 and 40 year's standing, after doctors and baths and medicines had failed, as well as the milder stages. Remember it costs you nothing to try them. Write for a FREE TRIAL PAIR and our FREE BOOK today.

Magic Foot Draft Co., 1267 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT



In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Write right now. Address: **MARK H. JACKSON, 90 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.** Mr. Jackson is responsible Above statement true. Pub.

Make Your Money EARN MONEY

Fortunes are being made by those who know how, when and where to invest.

It is our business to know a good investment. Those who have followed our advice have made money. We recommended Mohawk Mining Stock at 50c. It has sold since at \$19.00. Those who bought Silver Pick on our advice made 200 per cent in less than 60 days. Another stock we recommended advanced 100 per cent in less than 30 days. We now recommend Nevada Star at 10c. Buy it, and buy all you can afford to carry. We have carefully investigated this and we do not believe that you will ever have a better chance to make a large fortune from a small beginning than right now in the stock of the

Nevada Star Mining Co.

At 10 Cents Per Share.

Par Value \$1.00, fully paid and non-assessable.

Nevada is considered the greatest mining state in this country. Greenwater, Magenta Creek, Bullfrog, Goldfield and Tonopah districts are booming. Now is your time to buy for large profits before prices go up on the jump. Buy Nevada Star at once. The allotment offered at 10c. is small, and will no doubt be snapped up quickly, as the prospects seem good to make 100 per cent profit or more within 90 days. Installment payments if desired. A few dollars a month may start you on the road to a fortune. Send for free illustrated Nevada prospectus and full information.

F. A. MEIDINGER, President
599 Galt Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

POST CARDS Beautiful Christmas and New Year Greetings. Five for 10 cents. New York views, 6 for 10 cents, or 20 for 25 cents. Illustrated Catalog FREE. POST CARD CO., DEPT. M, 42 WEST 67TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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10c SILVER

Only 10c each. Address: **TEEL MUSIC CO., MURLEVILLE, N. Y.**

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For polishing Gold, Silver, Plated-ware, Nickel, Tin, Brass, Copper, etc. Works quick and easy. Keeps its lustre. It does not deteriorate. Established 18 years. 8-ounce box paste, 10 cents. Sold by Dealers and Agents. Ask or write for free samples.

GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
295 East Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"How to Remember"

Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income, gives ready memory for faces, names, studies, conversation; develops will. Send for Free Booklet.

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 712 Kimball Hall, Chicago

FREE—GOLD WATCH.

An American movement watch with SOLID GOLD PLATED CASE, stem wind, set, fully warranted to keep correct time. Equal in appearance to a SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH, warranted 25 years. Given absolutely FREE to boys and girls or anyone for selling 50 pieces of our handsome jewelry at ten cents each. Order when you wish. We send them postpaid, and 50 pieces at \$2.00, and we will positively send you the watch. Money back if no satisfaction. Write to-day. Send name and address. We have a large premium list.

DAISY PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 24 DANBURY, CONN.

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 56 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

VIRGINIA SOUVENIR POST CARDS
Also Views of Washington, Chicago, and Boston Beautifully Colored and Illustrated, 6 for 12c, 12 for 20c. Kansas Cards 10c for 100. Best Comics 12 for 15c. **E. OENIG & CO., Dept. 7, 619 E. 5th St. So. Boston, Mass.**

House Mottoes

One of the most appropriate quotations for the guest-room may be found in Whittier's lines, entitled "A Quiet Room."

And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room;
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control,
And from the silence, multiplied
By these still forms on every side,
The world that time and sense has known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

President Roosevelt has unconsciously contributed to the house motto, his words on "Strife" standing for the earnestness and energy of the man himself while also representing the most frequently quoted of his many worthy sayings. He says:

"The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor, painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage that we move on to better things."

The same in point of popularity are the lines from his instructions "To the Boys of America":

"Of course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life as in a foot-ball game the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

"Opportunity" is another valuable quotation, making a strong appeal for watchfulness of occasions:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"Be Strong," by Maltbie Davenport Babcock, is a vigorous call for courage and strength:

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Paint not, fight not! Tomorrow comes the song.

"Contentment," by David Swing, presents a wholesome philosophy well worthy of quotation:

"Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has."

Sentiments voiced by Ella Wheeler Wilcox also find a place on the house motto, in the words:

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

But a far more popular selection (author unknown) is:

There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

The authorship of this rhyme has never been discovered. All that is definitely known is that an elderly actor repeated them in the presence of a young clerk,

who, in turn, recited them to the head of his department. The latter, part of whose duties consisted in the invention of designs for framed mottoes, with an eye to new suggestions, seized upon the prize and incorporated it into a profusely illustrated decoration. The wisdom of his judgment soon justified itself in the sale of twenty-five thousand copies of this quotation, while hosts of workers in the same business seized upon the lines, which were without copyright protection with the result that "There's so much bad in the best of us" was scattered broadcast.

The number of illuminated religious texts and mottoes is legion. As popular as any is "The Foot-path to Peace," by Henry Van Dyke:

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbors' except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace."

Also, the same author's concise summary of "Life's Compass":

Four things a man must learn to do if he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely

"My Symphony," by W. H. Channing, is equally as popular:

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony."

Extracts from Charles Wagner's "Simple Life" also find opportune quotation: "A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be; that is, honestly and naturally human. We may compare existence to raw material. What it is matters less than what is made of it; as the value of a work of art lies in the flowering of a workman's skill. True life is possible in social conditions the most diverse, and with natural gifts the most unequal. It is not fortune or personal advantage, but our turning them to account, that constitutes the value of life. Fame adds no more than does length of days: quality is the thing."

When Max Ehrman, the Indiana author, was thought to be on his death-bed, he wrote a prayer with which he was later much dissatisfied. On his recovery to health, he discarded the manuscript, but a friend rescued it from the wastebasket, just as Mrs. Kipling is said to have saved the "Recessional." She made a hand-illuminated copy of the prayer, using old English type, and presenting this to the author, impressed its merit upon him. This copy afterward found its way to the publisher, who at once appreciated the value of the lines and offered to publish them. The prayer became the best selling quotation in the publisher's collection and has since maintained that position. A handsomely illuminated and framed copy of this prayer was sent to the St. Louis Exposition, where it was hung among other valuable examples of the publisher's art. One day it was missing from the walls. It had been stolen. Other articles were left untouched. It seemed a sacrilege that plunder should be practised upon a prayer, and a still greater contradiction that a person who could admire such a sentiment should also be capable of theft.

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Christmas in Many Lands

By Francis E. Drake



"Upraise the Christmas bowl tonight,
And let a health go round;
To those we love in every land,
To those who round our hearthstone stand
Let Christmas joys abound."

TO ONE who has always been brought up to regard Christmas as the happiest, most joyous season of the year, "of peace on earth, good will to men," it seems almost incredible that the Pilgrim fathers could have had such an inveterate dislike—nay more, hatred of that holy feast. The Pilgrim mothers were not spoken of, you see; no doubt, in their hearts many of them regretted the joyance, the merriment, with which they had been familiar from childhood, even if they had not been actual participants in the revels of the day. The Pilgrim fathers celebrated the first Christmas by beginning their store house; the second, they labored in the fields "discouraging those who would fain have kept Christmas." When the new company who had arrived in the colony on the good ship "Fortune," excused themselves from work on that day through conscientious scruples, Governor Bradford allowed their plea; but, discovering through the day, that they were amusing themselves with "pitching ye ball" and playing at "stoole ball," he took them severely to task. Innocent and healthful recreations, we should call them, especially the latter—a modified form of croquet, where the ball was thrown through the wickets and from stool to stool, without the aid of a mallet. But the Governor would not be appeased—he confiscated their "implements" and bade them keep their homes, saying, "Ther should be no gameing nor revelling in ye streets."

But this state of affairs could not last. Christmas was too dear a possession to be entirely lost, so about 1686, a revival of interest in Christmas set in, due to the Episcopalians, who were for their loyalty dubbed "Christmas-keepers." This festal day could not be regarded as a New England holiday until this century, though around old Narragansett, two weeks of Christmas visiting and feasting were entered into with the greatest zest, for many years previous to the Revolution, but the people around the Bay were never as intolerant as the Plymouth colony, though they had their peculiar prejudices too.

The thought has occurred that a very moving cause of this change of sentiment arose in the simplest and most natural manner—the mothers could not help making allusions to each other of the past and the merry makings they had known. The children would hear them, perchance some fond and foolish mother, if such there were possible in that time and place, would fire the childish fancy and throw a glamour over the observances of past holidays, that would have caused her to be hailed before that stern governor and taught her spiritual duty, if he had known it. Well! whatever the cause, the heaven was surely working, yet it is only a little over a half of a century since the twenty-fifth day of December was legally recognized as a holiday in the Bay state.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, men like Samuel Sewall struck the day from the almanac and would not

adjourn Court for Christmas. Cotton Mather, in 1712, preached a Christmas sermon, probably the first by a Puritan divine in New England; but what a sermon! A terrible denunciation of feasting and revelling. The Puritan contempt for the use of greens at Christmas lasted long after they admitted the observance—more or less chastened—of the day. It savored of the Saturnalia, and kept alive the old tradition, that according as the Holly bough at Christmas was smooth or rough, the wife or the husband would be the one in authority for the coming year. A change was coming, but not yet had old Christmas won the cheerful personification as English tradition has it, of charity and universal good feeling, of blameless gayety and deep religious joy in New England.

No longer is the fine of five shillings imposed for keeping the day, but each in the glorious liberty of his own conscience, feasts or fasts as he is best suited. Days which the Puritan fathers would not keep, have come to be loved and adopted, cherished and honored in all places. Christmas has won a place in the hearts of the people by its merits and is now in the highest favor. Possibly, away back from the centers of civilization and the marts of trade, there yet may be found those who accept Christmas with hesitation but time will change that for the joy of the holy season will permeate all hearts.

Did you ever spend a Christmas in the backwoods? Far away from friends and relatives deep in the impenetrable forest that extends for miles and miles on every side? I remember as a child, listening with the keenest enjoyment to the tales my mother and great-aunt told of life in the woods of Maine, of their privations, the shifts to which they were reduced, and the inventions which their wits evolved from their necessities.

There were no houses in sight, only the two occupied by their families and the portable saw mill built temporarily on one of the innumerable limpid streams, equally the pride of Maine, with her beautiful lakes and primeval forests. The winters always began early there, snow covered the ground from early November until late April, and the cold was often severe for days together.

But what matter for that, with such a storehouse of fuel to draw upon! Bring in another back log! Pile up the fore logs! Let them roar and blaze up the great chimney. The forests will never know that you are recklessly burning up some of its beautiful children. The great white pines, soaring over two hundred feet in the air are looking over a vast world of mountain peak and frozen lake and take no heed of the pygmies working around their feet. Oh those wonderful forests of spruce and hemlock, cedars and firs! They are seven times greater than the Black forests of Germany and so dense that Thoreau said that a squirrel could travel the whole length of the country on the tops of the trees.

(Continued on page 32)

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A Tangled Web

By K. S. Macquoid

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

[Paul Whitmore, a London artist, has married Nuna Beaufort, daughter of the rector at Ashton. Previous to this he had become very much infatuated with Patty Westropp, a gardener's daughter of the same place, and the village beauty. He had even asked Patty to marry him, but she, though unknown to him, had fallen heir to a large fortune from an uncle in Australia, and had been led by Miss Coppock, a city dressmaker for whom she had once worked, to refuse him and go out into the world before marrying. With her new fortune, Patty had settled her father in London, and with Miss Coppock for companion had gone to Paris to learn the ways of the world, taking the name of Latimer. On a trip to Brionse she met Maurice Downes, an Englishman of some fortune, and they were married. Miss Coppock had recognized in Mr. Downes a lover of her youth. She had been a governess in his mother's family, and when the attachment was discovered, she had been set adrift. She was unrecognized by Mr. Downes, and though she had endeavored in every way to prevent the growing intimacy between him and Patty, had not cared to reveal herself. In the course of business, Mr. Whitmore had been commissioned by Mr. Downes to paint his wife's portrait, and went entirely unconscious that he was to meet in this lady of wealth and fashion his old acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Paul had hardly thought at all while he remained in Patty's morning-room. At any time the very violence of his impulses made concentrated thought a slow process; feeling had to be given time to subside before judgment could begin to act. When he saw Patty he felt the need of immediate self-control, and he sought it by throwing himself into his work with a strength that might have been impossible to an inferior man. But Paul was a true artist. He had chosen to follow Art, not only because he loved it and as a means of livelihood, but because it was embodied in him, it was his mode of speech for the gift he found within him; he worshipped Art as an abstract reality, and now in this moment of need his devotion stood him in good stead; he found himself armed against Patty and her attempts at reconciliation. But outside the house, fairly on the way to his own home, the charm was over.

A feeling of strong indignation against Patty, against her husband, and against himself for having submitted to such a false position, flamed up.

"I am a fool, a weak irresolute fool! Just because I had the canvas there and everything ready, to let myself be led on to do that which I believe to be absolutely wrong. I'll throw the thing up; by what that simpleton said he knows nothing of his wife's beginnings, and of course, she expects me to connive at her deceit." He gave a shudder here. "What a false creature she has been all through!" and then his thoughts went over the past. A deep sigh came, a sigh of relief, of thankfulness; he had been contrasting Nuna and Mrs. Downes; and Patty's conduct grew blacker in his eyes.

Paul did not tell himself that Patty still loved him; he would not allow himself to dwell for an instant on the look which he had surprised in her eyes; but a strong feeling rose in his heart and quieted away his anger, a feeling of pity for the beautiful wife "of that old fool," as he termed Mr. Downes, and a resolution that he would not paint her portrait.

"And I will say nothing to Nuna about the matter; she behaved nobly when I told her of my folly with Patty, but women are all alike on one point, they are never quite easy about a man's previous love unless she is older and uglier; and it is not from jealousy either—rather in such a nature as Nuna's it would be from her humble notion of herself; she would feel completely inferior to Patty now. No, I shall say nothing about it. I shall write and get out of the whole affair, and there's an end of it.

A load rolled off Paul's heart at this resolution, and yet it was the first time since their marriage that he had resolved to keep anything from Nuna,—her frankness had so far won him from his habitual reserve.

In his impulse to prove Nuna's superiority to Patty—it may be as a shield against the remembrance of that passionate glance, a shield which, if his love for his wife had been full and perfect, he never would have needed—Paul quite forgot that he had told Nuna not to ex-

pect him till evening. He went on fast to St. John Street, impatient to be with his wife, and to show her that he truly valued her love and her truth; it seemed to him they had never shone out so brightly as they did in contrast with Patty's deceit. "Sweet, truthful little darling!" he said to himself. He went softly upstairs that he might enjoy her eager look of delight at his unexpected appearance. But here a most disturbing and disconcerting condition met him. He found his studio in the hands of a scrub woman, everything moved out for action, and his wife gone to luncheon, so his maid told him with some old friends from Ashton—the Brights—at Laham Hotel. "Mistress felt sure you wouldn't come in till late, but I was to say so if you did."

He felt almost beside himself with anger. He had come home, longing for the domestic joy which he believed was unknown in the splendid mansion of Mr. Downes—for a quiet afternoon's work, with Nuna beside him reading to him or sympathizing in the progress of his picture; and instead, he had found his studio in disorder and steaming with soapuds; so wet that it would be scarcely habitable by evening, and he could hardly calculate how much mischief done besides. "Such petty, womanish fussiness."

So he went to dine at his club, and then he went off to the rooms of two young artists at the other end of London, where he got laughed at for his quiet, domestic ways, till he began to think himself a pattern husband. He was not in a hurry to go home; the remembrance of the studio came to him with a shudder, and he shrank too from seeing Nuna.

"I wish that old chattering Mrs. Bright had stayed at home; she is sure to say or do something foolish."

Paul was vexed that Nuna should have gone off in this sudden way without consulting him. It did not occur to him that his unpunctual habits had made his wife secure of his absence, and delighted to shorten one of her long, solitary days, by a chat with her old friend.

CHAPTER XXXV

IN WHICH PAUL "TREATS" RESOLUTION

It was growing dark when Paul once more set out on his way home. When he came into the hall, the gas was not lighted; it seemed to him he heard Nuna's voice on the staircase, and a sudden gladness came back to him: he ran upstairs; a tall man coming down nearly knocked him over.

It was Will Bright. The two men begged pardon, and then recognized each other in the dim light.

"I've brought Nuna home," said Will; "she stopped talking with my mother in hopes you would come and fetch her; we should have been so glad to see you."

"Thank you," Paul spoke stiffly; then he added, "Won't you come up and have some supper?"

"No, thank you," and the two men shook hands and parted.

"Poor darling," Will sighed to himself, "is this the way that fellow neglects her? I'd like to give him a good thrashing."

"Great stupid lout," said Paul as he went upstairs, all the glad light gone from his eyes. "How could Nuna bring the fellow here? She knows I can't bear him."

Nuna ran to him as soon as he opened the door.

She was radiant: she had had a delightful day; the Brights had been so kind; they had taken her to see exhibitions and for a drive in the park; she had so enjoyed herself. Paul listened; he was pleased she had been happy, but his discomfiture had not passed away; and in the midst of her animated flow of talk Nuna checked herself.

"Doesn't Paul like me to enjoy my self without him? Yes, it was selfish of me," and a double flow of tenderness came to her voice.

"What have you been doing all day, darling? I was half in hopes you would get home before I did, and come to fetch me. You would have come if you had known in time, wouldn't you?"

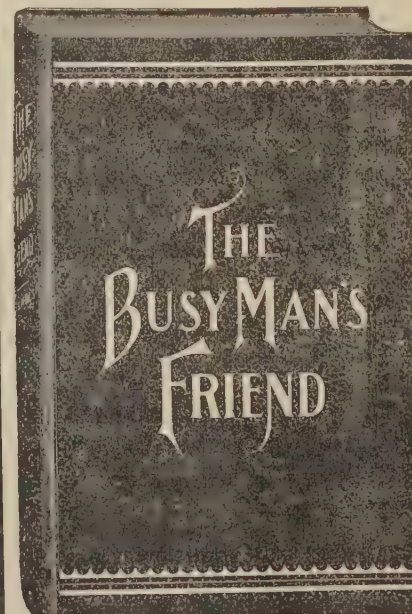
"No; I did come home, Nuna. I

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came home to dinner. To tell you the truth, I was so savage at the mess I found the room in, and at the damage and mischief done, that I was in no hurry to come home again!"

He spoke gravely and as he thought very leniently, considering all he had suffered, and the terrible mistake his wife had made in setting such an outrageous proceeding on foot without duly consulting him; and if Nuna had been sitting indoors moping after her usual fashion, she would have taken his reproof to heart, and expressed due contrition; but the open-air drive, the sight of her friends and their kindness, had brought back her old girlish spirits.

She laughed heartily in Paul's face, and then nestled close up to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling; but, you dear old fidget, why didn't you stay away, and then you never would have known anything? I meant to tell you, of course." She blushed at Paul's look of annoyance. "And I am very, very sorry, I was not in when you came, but stay at home tomorrow instead, darling, won't you? and we'll be so happy. It feels all so clean and comfortable; now do sit down and listen; I have so much to tell you still."

Paul sat and listened, while Nuna rattled on full of the sparkle of happy feelings; but he was silent; he was profoundly vexed, and yet too proud to show his vexation.

"Poor old Will," said Nuna. "I wish you would call on him, darling, and be a little kind to him."

"I don't mind calling," Paul smiled, "but I don't think I can be very pleasant society for him, and to tell you the truth I think he's a lout."

Nuna blushed: she thought Paul the least bit ungenerous. "Poor Will, you are hard on him; he asked very kindly after you," and then she left off talking about the Brights.

Next morning was full of sunshine, and Paul even was forced to admit that the studio was all the pleasanter from the absence of dust: he was mollified, too, by finding his wife had carefully stowed away his chief rarities in her own little room—a tiny retreat hardly bigger than a large closet, a striking contrast to Patty's luxurious sitting-room.

It seemed to Paul this morning that he had been unreal and exaggerated in his ideas of Mrs. Downes and himself. There could be no greater harm in his going to Park Lane to paint her portrait, than in the pleasure Nuna showed in talking of Will Bright.

"From what Mr. Beaufort said to me, that fellow will go on loving Nuna in his calf-like way to his dying day, and yet she evidently considers herself free to talk to him and walk with him. The truth is I am too trait-laced in my notions: I did not know I was such a prig. Why should I lose the money I mean to make that fellow Downes pay for his wife's portrait, just for a squeamish scruple? I'm sure she can't care a rap for me, and I can answer for myself. When the picture's done I shall go my way, and Patty will go hers, and I can't see that we shall be the worse for having met again."

He tore up the note he had written at the club to Mr. Downes, and resolved that he would keep the appointment he had made with Patty.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AT ROGER WESTROPP'S

Miss Coppock had gone up and down in life, not by the gradual turn of Fortune's wheel, but by those swifter risings and fallings of which the child reaps an early experience as he tumbles on the nursery floor. Her experience had taken its complexion from these sudden transitions; and as she had indulged, like most of her sisterhood, in much novel reading of a highly-spiced sort, she had exaggerated and strongly colored opinions. Intrigue, mystery, an implicit belief in the evil of human nature, composed the foundation of her fears and schemes, and the last of these was very uppermost as she stood looking at the face sketched on the canvas.

"How could she have the face and bring that man here, with the risk of his wife finding her out, too? though perhaps Patty has made him promise not to tell: she is capable of anything; that I

believe. I don't think I ought to let this go on under my eyes without speaking to Mr. Downes—no, how can I talk such nonsense? Speak to him—I'll die first."

Her thoughts went on. Even if she could overcome her repugnance, what good would come of an appeal to Patty's husband—what chance had she of being believed? She would be dismissed, and so lose the hold which made her dismissal as she thought impossible.

"No, I can't go away," she went on. "She may not seem to care for what I say, but I am a check upon her for all that; I can keep her from making Maurice miserable, and besides"—a gleam of hope brightened her sad face—"If I see things going too far with Mr. Whitmore, I'll speak to Roger Westropp himself. I'd half a mind to say something yesterday: he's neither fear nor favor to keep him back, and I can see he's not best pleased as it is with her for never going to see him. I shan't forget his face in a hurry, when I told him Mrs. Downes wished him to be considered her foster-father; when I think of the lies she must have told her husband to account for her having no relations, it makes me almost hate her."

Here again Patience exaggerated: Patty had not been truthful, but in some ways she had kept to facts. This was the story Mrs. Downes had told her husband: Her mother had died when she was quite young; her father had not been a kind husband, had always seemed badly off, and she had lost sight of him for years; her fortune had come to her from an uncle, her only surviving relative, and till she went to school in France she had lived under the care of Roger Westropp, an old countryman. She called him her foster-father, as he was husband to the woman who had nursed her when a child. This was her story, with the superadded fact of her own creation, that she had been at a French school from childhood. The letters of old Mr. Parkins, the Australian lawyer's agent, relative to the marriage settlement, had corroborated Patty's representations. The rank and position of her school friends showed Mr. Downes that his wife was qualified for the position he intended her to fill. The only cloud that ever came across his satisfaction was the possible reappearance of the missing father, Mr. Latimer, whom Mr. Downes imagined to be a gentlemanlike spendthrift. He had soon let Patty discover that he was just as unwilling to see Roger Westropp, the country foster-father, at Park Lane, as she was to receive him there. Poverty, misfortune, and ugliness were abhorrent to Mr. Downes; he liked the sunny side of the peach, and he would not be cognizant that both sides were not sunny.

"Well, do you think it will be a likeness? you ought to be able to judge by this time," Patience started. Mrs. Downes had come into the room, and had been looking at her for some minutes.

"I—oh, I suppose it will be like—" The moving exhortation she had planned to deliver seemed out of place in the presence of this smiling, artless creature. In her soul Patience struggled to keep to her harsh estimate of Mrs. Downes, but today Patty's eyes were full of sweet affectionate sunshine, and the poor unloved woman could not refuse herself the unwonted enjoyment.

"As Mr. Downes says," said Patty musingly, "it won't be easy to imitate my complexion."

"I dare say not, and yet that little likeness of your—of Mr. Westropp's—gives it perfectly; by the bye," she turned round eagerly from the canvas, "I wanted to tell you I saw him him yesterday, and he sent you a message."

Mrs. Downes grew so red that Patience thought she was angry.

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't help seeing him; you sent me to Clancery Lane to make those inquiries for you about old Mr. Parkins, and just as I came out of the lawyer's office I met Mr. Westropp. He caught hold of me before I'd time to turn away."

"Why should you turn away from him? I am very glad to hear about him. Is he quite well?"

"No, I don't think he's well at all; he says it is the closeness of London, and this soft change in the weather, but

he's as white as a sheet, and he seems so feeble. He says you ought to have gone to see him before this, and he sent you a message, but I don't think you'll like it."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Downes pressed her lips together to keep them still. "Why should I dislike it? What did he say?"

"Well, only don't blame me afterwards," He said, "You can give my dooty to Madame Downes, and tell her she's got no cause to fear her father'll be the one to bring shame on her finery. You can tell her too as her mother were a virtuous woman, though she were poor; let Martha have a care she don't do nought to disgrace me."

There was a silence. Womanly feeling was still strong enough to keep Patience's eyes turned away. She did not see Mrs. Downes grow white for an instant, and then make a strong effort at indifference.

"Ah," she said calmly, "he's angry, and he has a right to be angry. I meant to have gone before now. I'll go and see him today."

"You'll want me to go with you?"

"Yes, I shall only drive to the railway station, and I cannot travel alone by railway."

The house in Bellamont Terrace looked as dingy and squalid as ever, but Patty scarcely gave it a momentary glance: she ran up the little garden—or rather assemblage of weeds—and the steps, and knocked.

Her heart beat in a most unusual fashion while she waited; all her acquired dignity seemed to be slipping away like sand. She felt the old petulance, the old flippancy on her tongue, when at last the door was slowly opened by her father. "It's you, is it? Go in, will you?"

Neither of them made any attempt at greeting.

Roger pushed a chair forward; he remained standing even after Patty's silk skirt had left off rustling.

She looked up with her irresistible smile; but though the motive that had

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called it forth was self, though her visit was made quite as much with a view to her own security as from natural yearning to see his face again, there was some feeling yet in the girl's heart, and she saw that in Roger's hollow eyes and sickly hue which drove the glow from her own cheeks, and brought an anxious look to her eyes.

Roger had watched her intently; his pride was soothed, and his stubborn resolve not to show pleasure at the sight of her yielded. He sat down.

"Well, lass, I'm glad to see ye, but you've taken long enough to think whether you should come or not."

"It was too bad of me, wasn't it? but you see in London there certainly is about half the time for everything one gets in the country, but I hope to come often now. Don't you pine after the country, father?"

How easily the familiar word had slipped out, it seemed to her, in the cowed mood which Roger's self-restraint had imposed on her, that she must never risk seeing her father in Mr. Downes' presence—the word would slip out again.

"Pine after the country, eh?"—Roger smiled again, but with so much sarcasm that Patty grew nervous—"No, lass, I don't think it—and even so be I was to, I shouldn't turn my back on London; I've too much to look after here."

"But I mean for your health." Patty had not felt so shorn of all her strength since she left Ashton.

If she could only get up and go away; but she dared not do this: it might provoke the very explanation she was determined to escape from.

"My health?"—with a disagreeable laugh—"you've grown mighty careful about me all of a sudden. My health is as good as it has been all these months past, Patty—I should say Mrs. Downes—I mind that's more suited to your wishes; ain't it, ma'am?"

"Of course it is,"—with the old toss and the pouted scarlet lips—"I don't see why I shouldn't be called by my own name; Patty isn't a name at all,—it's not fit for a Christian."

Her eyes glistened with angry tears.

"Hark ye, lass,"—Roger smiled at her discomfort; "you may do as you choose, for aught I mind, but I'll not sit here to listen to reproach cast on your dead mother. She named you Patty when you was a little un: you may be ashamed o' me, if you please; but have a care how you let me see you're ashamed o' her."

There was the old sternness in voice and look, and Patty breathed more easily: she knew the end of Roger's angry moods; it was his sarcasm that took away her wits.

"Ashamed! it's too bad to say that; as it's likely I could be—you seem to think badly enough of me, I must say, father. I mayn't, perhaps, have been as dutiful as some children; I'm sorry; but then you know you've brought me up to hate profession and show of liking—I thought by doing what I thought you wished, I was showing the dutifulness you'd value most. You can't have everything."

"Dootfulness you calls it—I don't see much dooty, Madame Downes, in payin' me back some of the hard-earned coin I spent first on Watty, and then on you. By rights,"—he doubled his bony fist and struck his knee with it,—"the money warn't yourn a all; it must ha' come to me in the nat'ral course o' things—Watty havin' no other kin."

"I don't see that,"—Patty was growing cool and composed again,—"such things happen every day; where would be the use of making wills or of lawyers, if people always left their money in the regular way? Besides, it's much better as it is—I use the money, you would only let it rust; why, you don't nearly spend what I allow you."

"That's as it may be—I spend in my own fashion fast enough: I never spent for show. As to your being ashamed to own me, I don't trouble about it, seeing it's your account, not mine, that'll go to—but I have a word or two I may as well say as you're here. One is"—he cleared his throat—"since you speak of what you allow me, that I don't consider the allowance over liberal for a fine lady such as you to give away. Stop"—Patty was eagerly trying to speak—"I want to hear how you and your husband get on

together; if you're a good wife, may be it may make up for other shortcomings's. "Mr. Downes and I live very happily." Patty cast down her eyes. "He is very kind, and he thinks everything I do right."

"More fool he. I tell you your mother was the best wife as breathed; but, may be, if I'd spoiled her, she'd have turned out different. Well, lass, you've chosen for yourself: I wish you luck of your choice. If your husband's all you say, you can't make too much of him; maybe I'll see him one day."

"I'll bring him here some day." Patty's voice shook, though she tried hard to steady it. "Don't come to Park Lane; it would make everything tiresome, and I'll see about what you said just now at once; I will indeed;—I mean about money. I must go now, or I shall miss my train."

"I saw Miss Nuna, a while ago," he said; "she didn't see me; she was too taken up with her husband, and he was looking into her face as if she'd been his sweetheart instead of his wife. That's a pleasant marriage, I warrant. Maybe you've happened to come across them?"

"No, I haven't." Patty tossed her head and gathered up her skirts in sudden anger. "Well, good-bye, father; I really must go now."

She was out of the room, in the road hurrying along to the station before she realized what she was doing.

CONTINUED IN JANUARY

Simple Aids to Beauty

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Poultry

How Much to Feed the Hens

How much feed should I give my hens is a very common question and one that I can not always answer with satisfaction to the owner. It depends on many conditions, such as breed, whether old, or young, growing birds, whether laying or not, exercise, etc. Ordinarily I aim to feed about twelve to fifteen per cent animal food, twenty to twenty-five per cent vegetables or green food, sixty to seventy per cent grain food.

I feed in the morning all the grain they will scratch out of the litter in four or five hours. At noon all the mash they will clean up in fifteen or twenty minutes, removing all left over. At night a full meal or all they will eat in half an hour.

To find out just about what quantity is required leave the flock after the morning meal till two or three o'clock then place before them a quantity of mixed grain and see what quantity they will clean up in twenty minutes. Then each day scatter that much in the litter for the morning or noon meal. If they are laying steadily and do not appear to find all they want, increase the amount.

I calculate that when a flock is laying heavily the more grain you can get them to consume without going out of condition, becoming overfat, the better. A hen can not produce eggs steadily without the material to make them of, and if she lays well and has proper amount of exercise she will eat quite an amount of food. Again if she is in idleness most of the time, high feeding will soon put her out of business as an egg producer.

Questions and Answers

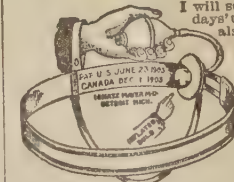
Would a poultry house built of one-inch lumber be warm enough where it never gets below zero, and at that point for only three or four days during the winter.—J. H. B. O.

A building covered with one-inch lumber, and battened would answer in the climate described, or if the stuff is matched it would not require battening. I would suggest lining the roosting part with some tough paper, or if the building is in an exposed place it will be an advantage to cover the inside of the entire building with some kind of paper.

I am building a brooder house fourteen by twenty-eight feet. Can this be heated warm enough to raise chickens without a brooder in February? Do you think that cooking increases the digestibility of vegetables for hens in winter?—B. H. S., Pa.

With hot water pipes and a stove for the purpose, you can heat the house all right, but I think you would find it more satisfactory to use the ordinary brooders, either the indoor or outdoor kind. Potatoes and turnips are improved by cooking, beets, onions, etc., may be fed raw.

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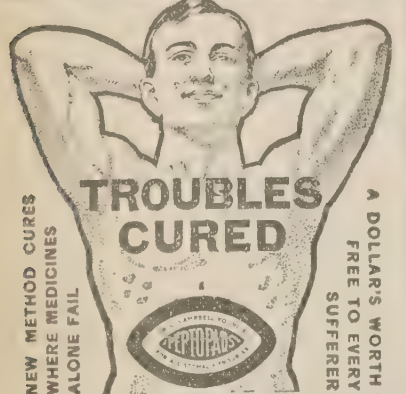
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Christmas in Many Lands

(Continued from page 27)

But the life was lonely, the children often could not go to school, until a path was made for them through the deep snow, so deep that they could not look over it. And there were other dangers abroad—many times in the early morning would my mother point significantly to the large, padded footprint around the house and sheds; on these occasions my father always hitched up the ox-team and took us to school and bespoke a ride home for us with some other children whose way lay beyond ours. At nights, the catamount's snarling screech would be heard, but every woodman can use a rifle.

At Christmas time, the men who chopped in the woods, or worked in the mill always went home if it were possible. We used to hang up our stockings and, sometimes, had a Christmas tree, but never had much to put on it. My great uncle had some money, so an important journey would be made to the nearest town—it would generally occupy two days—and mysterious, bulky, knobby, but desirable-looking parcels and bundles would be seized upon by all the older ladies and thoroughly secreted until the "Merrie Christmas Day."

We had deer all winter long, so that was not such a rarity, but still we always had a haunch of venison roasted before the open fire and eaten to the delicious accompaniment of wild grape jelly. It was not so easy to get turkey, but we did sometimes have it, but wild duck were very plentiful. One year it was my mother's turn to provide the Christmas dinner; as she was known to be a notable cook, all looked forward to a feast. Mother had set her heart upon an English plum pudding "well stuffed with plums"—no Yankee pies on the royal feast of the year.

Days of continuous snow and storm prevented her from getting any good beef-suet—a very necessary concomitant of a plum pudding. She was forced to use suet that had been tried out, carefully it is true, but she could not estimate just the amount to use and probably put in too much. Alas! instead of coming out of the cloth like Mrs. Cratchit's, "hard and firm, like a speckled cannon-ball, blazing and bedight with Christmas holly," it rolled out on the dish, a sullen mass of richness, hardly to be endured.

Mother felt too badly to bring it on the table. Fortunately at this moment a diversion was created by a bear. There Sir Bruin stood, his forepaws on the window sill, looking in at the feast. With much shouting all the men rushed out with guns, axes, and firebrands, to scare him away or to make short work of him should he be contumacious. When they returned, the fire was heaped up afresh with fragrant, resinous logs; songs were sung, games were played, and the good cheer and jollity of Christmas went merrily on.

Lacking in Respect

"I have a great respect for gray hair," said the humorous boarder as he raised his eyes from his plate. "That's very creditable of you, Mr. Jellaby," said the landlady. "But I have no respect," said the humorous boarder, "for gray feathers!" And he tapped viciously on the tough fragment of turkey that lay before him. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Ah, turkeys part where many meet! A waistcoat's of their winding sheet, And every well fed friend we greet May be a turkey's sepulcher! —Puck.

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The Wonderful Bag and What was in it.

(Continued from page 17)

finished setting the table, that it looked very inviting indeed. So the children seemed to think when they were called in from their play.

"Isn't this fine?" whispered Joe Miller to his brother Charlie, as he approached the table.

"Ain't it though! I wish Aunt Hester would invite us to tea every night," returned the other who was something of a glutton. Then they all took their seats and had a very merry time indeed.

"What shall we do now?" Charlie said, as, the feast over, every one pushed away his chair.

"Let's go into the parlor and play games," answered Louise leading the way. The rest followed and for about an hour it seemed as though the old house was coming down, so great was the racket.

Meanwhile Aunt Hester had busied herself in clearing away the remains of the feast and restoring everything to order. This done, some mysterious preparations followed and then she went to the parlor and opened the door.

"You may remember, my dears," said she, "that I promised to show you a certain wonderful bag."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" burst from all the children, the little visitors joining in the shout, though they had not the least idea to what it referred but because they were so excited that if Aunt Hester had proposed to give them each a piece of the moon, they would have considered it nothing out of the common way.

"Well then, come into the kitchen," said Aunt Hester, and thither they all rushed pell-mell.

The kitchen looked the very picture of homely comfort. The bright light from the crackling logs streamed forth over walls and ceiling and danced gaily over the painted floor. But the children saw nothing and thought of nothing save a strange, bright colored bag which hung from a nail on one of the rafters, by a long silken cord.

It was made of heart-shaped pieces of silk, red, blue, white and green, and covered over thickly with queer patterns worked on floss silks. A foreign perfume clung about its folds, which, together with its Eastern appearance, made Louise imagine it to be one of the curiosities her sailor uncle had brought home years before.

After the children had gazed at the bag curiously for a few moments, Aunt Hester took in her hand a heavy silk tassel which hung from the neck of it and said: "My young friends, this is the Wonderful Bag, and now for what is in it. Each of you in turn may pull the tassel; the bag will then open, and you can put in your hand and draw out the package which lies at the top. Two conditions, however, must be obeyed in order that all may go well. First, you must take only the package which lies at the top, and second, you must agree not to open it till such time as I shall appoint."

"Agreed! Agreed!" cried the children, pressing closely about Aunt Hester.

"Well then, as Edith is our youngest visitor, I propose that she is the first one to pull the Magic Tassel." Little Edith, her cheeks crimson with excitement, advanced, seized the silk tassel in her two fat hands. Slowly she pulled it, at first gently, then with all her might, and with a shout of delight the eager lookers-on saw the neck of the bag open wider and wider, until it would admit the plump little fist. Without more ado, Edith thrust in her hand and drew forth an irregularly shaped parcel, carefully done up in silver paper.

"Oh if we might look at it now!" she cried imploringly, as she gave the precious bundle a sly pinch and a squeeze.

"Remember the conditions," said Aunt Hester, kindly, "have a little patience and you will be repaid. After a little girl we will have a big boy, so Joe, try your hand at it."

Joe nothing loth, pulled the tassel and drew out a huge, soft parcel wrapped in white paper. Then followed Grace, who rejoiced over a most tempting looking bundle. Johnny's prize was tied up with a great deal of stout paper and twine. Louise's parcel seemed nothing but a

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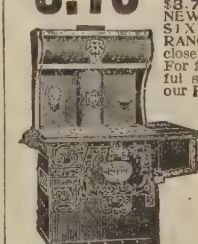
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little box. Wilfrid's was large, hard, and round. Mabel's was small, to be sure, but looked very inviting all tied up with blue ribbon. Charlie's was the largest of any and had a long pole sticking out of it, and Archy who waited politely till the last, received a fantastic-looking affair which he declared he thought would be the best of all.

Now it was time for the pleasant party to break up. The visitors were sent for and started home, having been invited by Aunt Hester to come there every Saturday afternoon till all the mysterious gifts had been opened and inspected.

"Then I shall know what is in mine next Saturday," cried Edith in high glee, as she jumped into the carryall waiting at the door and carrying her parcel with the greatest care.

"It's foolish to make us wait so long," muttered Grace Sommers as she tied her hood. But no one else was disposed to find any fault with Aunt Hester's arrangement and the children left at home, after talking for a few moments over the fun they had had, went to bed and dreamed of the pleasures to come.

Some Table Hints

In Colonial days books of etiquette for the young paid special attention to the necessity of cultivating attractive manners at the table. In a popular "Book of Manners," a reprint of an English edition, published in London in 1701, the following explicit directions were given for the conduct of the young:

"Eat not too fast nor with Greedy Behavior. Eat not vastly but moderately. Make no noise with thy Tongue, Mouth, Lips or Breath in Thy Eating or Drinking. Smell not of thy Meat, nor put it to Thy Nose; turn it not the other side upward on Thy Plate. Bite not thy bread, but break it; but not with slovenly fingers, nor with the same wherewith thou takest up thy meat. Dip not thy meat in the Sauce. Take not salt with a greasy Knife. Spit not, Cough not, nor blow thy Nose at Table, if it may be avoided; but if there be necessity, do it aside, and without much noise. Lean not thy Elbow on the Table, nor on the Back of thy Chair. Stuff not thy Mouth so as to fill thy Cheeks; be content with smaller mouthfuls. Blow not thy Meat but with Patience wait till it be cool."

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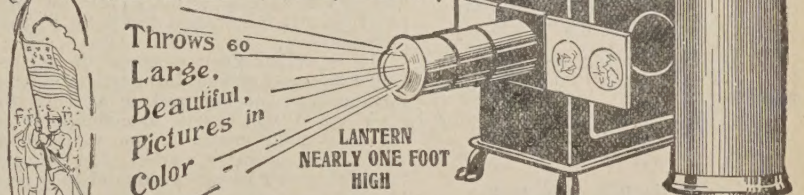
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Training Parrots

Continued from page 9

supply of regular poultry grit should be kept in the cage.

It is a good plan, also, to keep the bottom of the cage covered with sand. The size of the cage, by the way, is an important matter. It ought to be at least eighteen inches in diameter. Sunflower seed is a standard food for parrots, but in addition, they may be given cracked corn, hemp, rice and dry crackers. Once a day it is well to supply dry bread or pilot biscuit, soaked in milk. Fresh bread has given many a parrot a bad attack of indigestion. Meats and all kinds of greasy foods should find no place in a parrot's dietary.

These birds are extremely fond of coffee, either plain or with milk and sugar, and no harm is done by giving them a little occasionally. Water should be given very sparingly, none, in fact, should be allowed the birds for several weeks after they are received. After that, water may be placed before them twice a day, but should be removed as soon as the parrot has quenched its thirst.

Parrots will not bathe, but it is well to sprinkle them occasionally with tepid water, afterward hanging them in the sun or near a radiator or stove. If the parrot can have access to a pile of dry dirt, it will luxuriate a dust bath, just as hens do.

It is well to keep a piece of cuttle-bone in the cage and during the moulting season, a red-pepper pod or a piece of raw onion will prove beneficial as a tonic. At the season of the year when green corn is in the market, the parrots may be given an ear of this delicacy frequently and they will prize the treat highly. There is danger of over-feeding parrots. After they have eaten their fill of soft food, remove it.

As for the other items in the matter of caring for a parrot, they consist principally in keeping everything about the cage neat and clean and in keeping the birds out of a draft.

Baron Rothschild's Singing Parrot

It will interest American readers to know that Baron Alfred de Rothschild, the London head of the great financial house, is a parrot fancier. He has just acquired the most talented Polly in the world, and not a little of the time he takes from business is given to basking in Laura's expression of eerie wisdom and listening to her extensive repertoire of German songs. It reminds the baron of the Fatherland, for, of course, you know the house of Rothschild is of Teutonic origin.

This wonderful parrot's name is Laura—"Laura aus Afrika," she will say if anybody asks her. Her voice, when she sings, is like the twanging of loose banjo strings. Laura has learned over 200 words, and when she is "at home" in her cage in one of the Alhambra dressing rooms, with the baron and a party of friends as audience, she gives a concert that leaves nothing for criticism to fasten on, especially after hearing the final, a martial song to the effect that any one who wishes to be a soldier must carry a musket and load it with powder and ball. The baron has talking parrots out of number, but Laura is the prima donna of the household.

We're right in line with a full Holiday Stock of Song Birds, Gold Fish, Aquariums, etc., at **BINGS BIRD STORE**
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W O Y A P

Can You Make 12 Words?

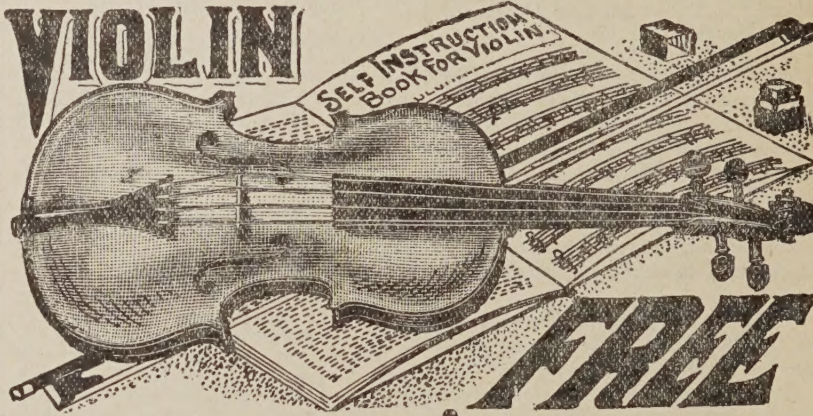
Now here is a puzzle that is a prize-winner. You do not have to sit up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters here-with given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must not use R more than four times. If you use it twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R in another word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER We will give \$25 in cash to the person sending in the largest list of words, \$10 to the second largest, \$5 to the third, \$1 to the next five and 50 cents each to the next ten. Send in your list at once. There are no conditions to the contest for these prizes. If you only win one of the smallest prizes, 50 cents, you are that much ahead. It is certainly worth a little effort, and besides you will get several copies absolutely free of the best story paper published. Send your list of words at _____ Address,

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We publish the best story paper in America, and we want to send you a sample copy. We can't send it to you unless we have your name and address, so we give these prizes to induce you to send us your name. We will then send you sample copies absolutely free. We will not ask you for one penny of your money—it is your name we want, not your money. Show this offer to your friends.



THIS is not a toy violin, but a LARGE and BEAUTIFUL TONED instrument. It is made of highly polished, perfectly seasoned wood, beautifully varnished. The pegs, finger-board and tail-piece are ebony-finished. The violin is complete, with one silver and three gut strings, long adjustable bow of white horsehair and box of resin. We also give you a **VELVET VALUABLE** Self-Instruction Book Free. Write today for only two dozen pieces of our ten-cents each. These are **GENUINE GOLD-PLATED ARTICLES** and everybody will be very glad to buy from you, as our goods are worn by the very best people. Return our \$2.40 and we will immediately send you the violin and complete outfit just as described. Write today. Address

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FREE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PREMIUM OFFER
This Elegant Full Size Family 23 PIECE Decorated Tea Set **FREE**

For selling Only 12 Ladies' Fancy Collar Sets at 25 cents each. Our Collar Sets consist of two dainty, sheer, Turnover Collars made from a fine quality East India Lawn, pure linen finish, and two gold-plated Collar pins. Positively a genuine bargain—you can sell the twelve sets in a very little while. **Our Elegant Tea Sets** will grace any table. The design is copied from a famous French model. A beautiful, complete, full-size Tea Set for family use; decorated with flowers in their natural colors. **Write at once. Send no money,** we trust any honest person with our Collar Sets to sell. Your premium will be sent promptly, absolutely Free, upon receipt of \$3.00 from sale of Collars.

Write at once. S. J. MOORE, Mgr. 651 Canal Street, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

For selling Only 12 Ladies' Fancy Collar Sets at 25 cents each.

Decorate Your Home

The Editor Tells You Today of an Opportunity to Beautify Your Home Free of Charge

Every lady, rich or poor, likes to have a pretty home.

Of course you want nice furniture and pretty decorations in your house and as nice as any of your neighbors have.

Sometimes it is a pretty hard pull to keep up with the richer people and yet have that air of culture and refinement about the home of which every woman is proud.

But when you can get beautiful decorations and get them free—just for doing somebody a friendly turn without even any real work—then it's your loss, Madam, if you neglect this opportunity.

A Wonderfully Liberal Offer

And just because I know that the readers of my paper will take advantage of this opportunity, I am particularly glad to tell my subscribers of a most honest and wonderfully liberal offer. Look on this page at the magnificent



"SAVED"—Beautiful free picture.

dinner set with the initials in gold. Mr. Geo. Clark, publisher of the famous "High-Art Pictures," tells me that he will give every one of my lady readers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free if she only helps him with a little recommendation of his pictures. As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing.

Read on this page where it says in big black type, "Here is the Offer." I can guarantee you that Mr. Clark's offer is exactly as represented and I am proud that he has selected the readers of this paper, and shows his confidence in the honesty of my subscribers in making this offer here.

Two Pictures Free Anyway

You will see also that even if you do not succeed in carrying out the conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, he wants you to keep two of his famous pictures absolutely free just because you have made an honest effort.

I would like to feel that every one of my subscribers will get not only the two free pictures but also the free dinner set.

Imagine how your dining room will look with the elegant monogram dinner set and the high-art pictures hanging on the wall.

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home now and they are certainly very, very beautiful pictures. The way they are printed here I cannot begin to show you how beautiful they look in their many splendid colors. These pictures are real works of art, fit for the finest residence, 16x20 inches. What is more they come ready to hang on the wall; for every picture is finished with



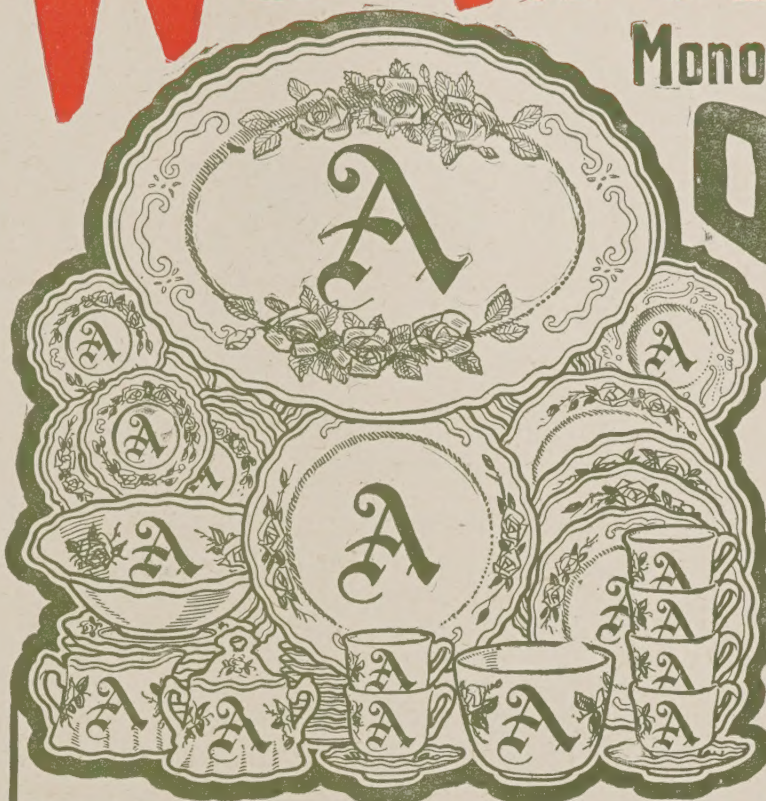
"NATURE'S GOODIES"—Also free

a lithographed scroll and fac-simile lithographed gold frame, ready for wall, just as received from Mr. Clark.

And I hope that every lady reader of this paper will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art pictures today.

Wonderful

Monogram Dinner Set Offer



This is positively the most wonderful, most liberal and most generous offer ever made on a dinner set or on any other premium.

The Editor of this paper certifies that every statement is the truthful, reliable, honest statement of a very large and thoroughly reliable firm.

Just for a few minutes of your spare time—no work and not a bit of canvassing either—you will get this magnificent monogram dinner set absolutely free and, if you write at once, your initial in gold will be engraved and burnt into the china. Remember—everything is absolutely

FREE

This Elegant Dinner Set is a complete dinner set of 42 beautiful pieces—finest Parisian China, the kind endorsed and used by the china to give away; for we figure that by being very generous and liberal with you and giving you the best right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all your neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture every piece of the Dinner Set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with your initial in pure gold free of charge. Read what the editor of this paper says in the first column of this page. This is no toy or small size dinner set, but every one of the 42 pieces is regulation full size. The 42 pieces are: Six large size 8-inch plates, six smaller size 7-inch dessert plates, six large size cups, six saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, two large size vegetable dishes, six individual butter dishes, one platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, one gravy bowl. We guarantee that this Parisian China Dinner Set is exactly as represented and exactly as shown in the picture, with rose design in colors, gold initial, and edges traced in gold.

HERE is the Offer: Send no money. Just mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16x20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames, for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of 26 pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. In vite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25c each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25c each you will take in \$6.00. Send us the \$6.00 and we will send you the aristocratic 42-piece monogram dinner set free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be eager to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed and besides we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway, just for having made an honest effort. The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows:

"I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant."

"Our dining room with the new set of dishes looks twice as good as before."

"I want to thank you also for the two extra pictures you allowed me to keep."

"I shall always be glad to recommend you for your fairness, promptness and generosity."

Sincerely yours,

MRS. MARTIN W. GROSSE.

Harlem, Ill., October 9, 1906.

Cultured and refined people appreciate the value of this offer. They know that this is no ordinary premium offer. We have thousands of letters like Mrs. Grosse's and when you send us the coupon we will send you our mammoth circular of testimonials and one thousand references.



Dining room of Mayor Grosse.

of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set and also the free pictures.

(From Photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.)

Read This Important!

EVERYBODY gets two of the beautiful 16x20-inch high-art pictures FREE anyway just for making an honest effort

You need not bother with a letter. Just sign the coupon plainly and mail it in an envelope. pictures at once, prepaid, as per offer above.

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Name.....

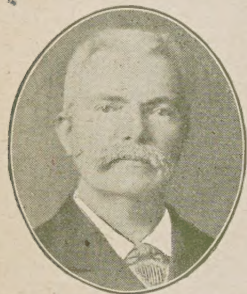
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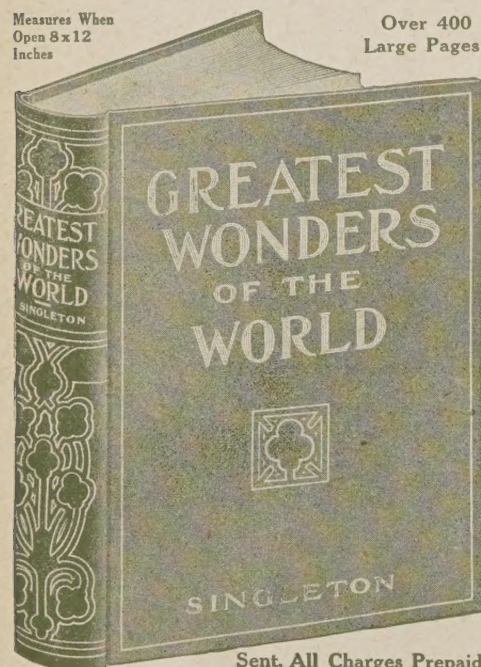


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